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LITERATURE.

Gotthold Ephraim Lessing, his Life and his Works. By Helen Zimmern. (London: Longmans & Co., 1878.)

MISS HELEN ZIMMERN has had the mortification, than which no greater can befall an author, to see herself forestalled. In the interval between her planning a Life of Lessing and the publication of her volume, another biographer has stepped in, and gone away with the blessing of the critics on his head. Mr. Sime, whose work we reviewed in No. 298, has carried off all the credit which is to be got by a careful *résumé* of Lessing's life, and for the moment has exhausted the interest of the subject. The reading public, whose interest in any German is at best languid, can hardly absorb two Lives of Lessing in three months.

Such a piece of ill-luck befalling a book gives its author the strongest claim upon our sympathy. But in the present instance there appears to be no necessity for an appeal to any considerations besides the single one of the merit of the work done. It is bare justice to Miss Zimmern to say that she has produced an honest and substantial biography. She narrates in an appropriate and unaffected manner the facts of Lessing's life. The attitude is neither that of vulgar admiration, nor of patronising condescension. Miss Zimmern has resisted the temptation to praise or to reprove her hero, and is content with the duty of narrator. She is not sensational, and if she is not very interesting, this is partly due to the nature of the subject. For the incidents of Lessing's life are few; and the particularity of domestic detail, which we all read with avidity when we can get it, is wholly wanting.

In one respect Miss Zimmern's book is better than Mr. Sime's: it is shorter—in one volume instead of two. It would have been better had it been still shorter. We have here again tedious analyses of Lessing's works—e.g., twenty pages of *Laokoon*, and the plots of *Emilia Galotti* and *Nathan der weise* retailed to us, though they may be found in every manual of German literature, or prefixed to every school edition of the plays. When will professional biographers come to understand that what we want of them is "life," and that these wearisome abstracts with which they swell the size of their volumes are treated by the reader as mere skip? A review-writer, who is paid by the page, has a direct pecuniary inducement to "pad"; but an author, who has the making of his own book, and therefore would lose nothing by it, should study condensation. He should take to heart the proverb that

"Brevity is the soul of wit," and regard his duty to the public as being to bring his matter into the smallest compass. The practice of all biographers now is the reverse of this. I venture to say that the Life of Lessing might be handsomely told in one hundred pages demy octavo, without omitting a single fact of interest, or a single trait of character. I am advocating, not omission, or selection, or even abridgment, but compression. The languid reader of the present day, whom abundance of choice has rendered indifferent rather than fastidious, would be stimulated by the effort at self-restraint on the part of the writer, and would find him much more intelligible. But then to compose one hundred pages on this system would involve much more intellectual effort than to write off 500 on the established plan of authorship. Miss Zimmern praises what she calls the "steely brevity" of Lessing, and his "faculty of expressing ideas with condensed brilliancy, and unexpected terms of praise," and adds that "this concise form of expression is almost foreign to his countrymen." I quote this sentence, not for the sake of saying that "almost foreign" is not English, and that "steely" is scarcely admissible as an epithet of brevity, but to show that Miss Zimmern, though her name argues a German origin, has a perception of the value of terseness as a principle of composition. As a description of Lessing's own style, this is not so good as what Miss Zimmern says in another page (239):—

"The 'Antiquarian Letters' will always be read for their caustic sallies, their drastic vigour, the astonishing vivacity with which purely erudite subjects are treated. Digressions there are none. Never did Lessing keep more closely to the matter in hand. The peculiar charm of his style, its dialectical character, is pre-eminent in these letters, which seem an easy conversation, naturally developing out of itself. No sign of effort or labour is apparent; the reader assists at questions and replies as if they were enacted before him."

This comes much nearer to a characteristic of Lessing's style than "steely brevity." Lessing, though not diffuse and wordy like modern Germans, is not remarkable for brevity. On the contrary, he talks a good deal about a thing, when he once begins upon it. I should say that the quality in which his style is so greatly superior to that of our day is precision of expression, rather than brevity. The object of the modern German author appears to be to remove the idea as far from you as possible, and to surround it with a blue mist of indeterminate abstractions. Lessing places it closely before you, and sharply defines it. His excellence lies in his language, rather than in his style. For this precision of expression is found in him along with great defects; with fragmentary treatment, want of order in the arrangement of his matter, much repetition, and occasional confusion of thought.

A greater drawback from the permanent value of what Lessing has left written is the occasional nature of every line he ever wrote, the plays excepted. Miss Zimmern justly says:—

"It would have been out of keeping with Lessing's mental peculiarity, if he had set out to write a philosophical treatise, *modo et forma*, on

Art. All theory was to him a polemic; he needed an adversary. He loved to argue from the particular to the general."

His mode of life, the melancholy fact that he had to earn bread to eat by daily penning something which he could sell to a publisher, had much to do with this production of fugitive fly-sheets. Partly, too, it is the inherent vice of the profession of critic. The critic is not a creator, but a judge; he must wait for his inspiration till some creative mind has produced something original. Lessing was not a creative genius, but only a sympathetic arbiter of taste. This, I conceive, is the reason why Hegel, when he has occasion (*Aesthetik*, iii., 3) to speak of "that generation of great Germans who started the new epoch of Art in their native land," singles out Klopstock as the leading figure among them, and does not so much as name Lessing, in capacity of intellect and acquirements so vastly superior to the author of the *Messiaade*.

Miss Zimmern has a very good paragraph on Lessing the man, as he was to be seen in daily life:—

"Spittler had free access to Lessing's house, was in daily intercourse with him, and would listen to the treasures of wisdom and knowledge which he ungrudgingly poured forth. Lessing's conversation was pre-eminently suggestive and stimulating. He spoke fluently and well, in a penetrating, agreeable, baritone voice. He never monopolised the conversation, but was always attentive to draw others into its flow; and, though he could not disguise his ample and versatile learning, his talk in the social circle was never pedantic or beyond the comprehension of all his hearers. He detested the schoolmen, who wanted to draw him into a corner and discuss pedantic trivialities. In writing he could be the minute scholar as well as any of them, but in the circle of his home or friends he was the genial host. His easy and graceful deportment nowise betrayed the sedentary bookworm. He was also distinguished from the typical German man-of-letters in his uniformly neat dress, always made with quiet elegance and attention to fashion. There was something characteristic in all he said or did. His manner was decided and firm, but free from the slightest taint of arrogance. A winning benevolence shone out of his deep-blue eyes, eyes that were his greatest beauty, whether they danced with merriment, flashed with anger, or looked boldly out into the world. It was a joke among his friends that everything Lessing did was idiosyncratic and original, from his tread to his knock at the door. His house was appointed with the same unostentatious elegance that appeared in his dress. Disorder and dirt were his enemies; and, profoundly learned man as he was, his study did not show the outward untidy signs so often held *de rigueur*."

"Profoundly learned" is a powerful epithet, applicable to but a few names in the history of literature. I will not contest Lessing's title to it; but I wonder whether Miss Zimmern realises the force of her own words? What makes me doubtful on the point is that in another page (140), Rector Arletius and Rector Klose are both "profoundly learned men." Rector Arletius, it seems, "could account for every Greek and Latin word." I do not know if "to account for" is to know the meaning of. But if Rector Arletius did this, then he was more "profoundly learned" than Lessing. For Lessing, Miss Zimmern tells us (p. 232),

"named" "enthusiasm" or "divine madness" *ἀκριψία*. In what part of his writings Lessing "names" divine madness *ἀκριψία* I have not discovered; but I find him in *Laokoon* translating *Κρονίων* "son of time." Perhaps these are "pedantic trivialities," and Miss Zimmern will despise me for noting them, or else I would ask why she translates (p. 39) *Flickstein* "bungler" when it means something very different?

Lessing, it will be admitted on all hands, was not only greater than a pedant, but greater than the mere scholar. He comprehended the Greek genius, and felt for it an affinity which is totally wanting in the German scholar of our day. I by no means wish to speak lightly of the devotion of the German philologists to Greek learning, but it is due to Lessing to say that, whereas the modern scholar understands Greek books, Lessing understood the Greek mind. With what unerring instinct, e.g., he fastened on the fragment we have of Aristotle's *Poetics*, as having embodied, once and for ever, the true principle of Poetry, lost sight of amid the trivial disputes of the French critics of the Boileau school, or the wrangle of the Saxon and Swiss poets, which was the literary atmosphere of Lessing's youth. The *Dramaturgie* is little else than a continuous iteration of Aristotelian principles, and remarkable—will Miss Zimmern permit me to say it?—for anything but "brevity." And in *Laokoon* the leading idea is drawn again from the *Poetics*. For, in spite of the second title of the book, *The Limits of Poetry and Painting*, and in spite of Lessing's own declaration in the Preface that what he has in view is to draw the distinction between the spheres of the sister-arts, an attentive reader will easily see that the aim goes much beyond this. As Gotschlich has remarked, the *Laokoon* is a fragment, and must always be studied along with the pieces in the second volume of the Works, entitled *Zum Laokoon*, and with the *Dramaturgie*. It will then be apparent that Lessing's central thought throughout is the Aristotelian principle that only the representation of moral agents acting is the province of poetry; only, instead of dogmatically starting with this principle, and reasoning deductively from it, Lessing leads up to it from the concrete example of the marble group of the *Laokoon*. It was the habit of his mind, as Miss Zimmern truly observes, "to argue from the particular to the general." Fragment as it is, confused in parts, rather (as the author himself confesses) "unarranged *collectanea* for a book than a book," Lessing's *Laokoon* has been more stimulative of reflection than far more complete treatises on the theory of the arts. Macaulay told Mr. Lewes (*Life of Goethe*) that "the reading of this little book formed an epoch in his mental history." And of

Lessing's Works in general it may be said that their value lies, not in their didactic contents, but in the intellectual impulse derivable from them. Nowhere is such a variety of suggestive hint to be found collected together. For this reason the thirteen volumes of Von Maltzahn's edition, in spite of the disgusting smudgy type in which they are printed, must always be at hand on the shelves of every scholar, critic, and

literary man. And in Miss Zimmern's *Life* we have now a very useful introduction, in English, to the *Sämtliche Schriften*.

MARK PATTISON.

Political Science; or, the State Theoretically and Practically Considered. By Theodore D. Woolsey. (London: Sampson Low & Co., 1878.)

THE work before us represents the matured results of five-and-twenty years of professorial studies at Yale College, where the author was President but lately. It does not consist, however, of the lectures actually delivered there; but the materials collected for them have been rearranged in a comprehensive course of Politics, which deserves respectful notice, and meets a recognised want. In the Oxford School of *Literae Humaniores* it was the custom a few years ago to give the candidates for honours an examination paper which bore the somewhat pretentious title of "Political Philosophy." It was a natural criticism on this practice that there was no text-book on the subject which could be put into the students' hands, and that the questions therefore corresponded rather to the note-books of the College lectures, and to chapters recommended here and there in authors of very different schools of thought, than to any well-defined limits of methodical enquiry. The answers frequently reflected the latest theories of modern works; they illustrated Aristotle by Sir H. Maine and Mr. Herbert Spencer, Bagehot and Mill; but they exhibited, it must be owned, a rude appetite for miscellaneous fare, which was not always properly digested.

It is a merit of the work before us that it does attempt to mark the limits of enquiry and lay a systematic course before the student, in which enough of the facts of history are marshalled to furnish a wide inductive basis for the conclusions afterwards discussed.

The book is divided into three parts of unequal length, the first of which corresponds to what the Germans call *Naturrecht*, and deals summarily with the nature of justice and the analysis of rights as implied in the existence of the political community. The second is concerned with the theory of the State, with opinions as to its origin and nature, its sphere and ends and proper limits, and the analysis of its right to punish crime, together with various theories and fundamental questions of what has been distinguished in foreign treatises as *Staatslehre*. The third and by far the larger portion of the work deals with the more practical aspect of the subject in an historical summary of the distinctive types of government as they have been realised in actual life.

After some four hundred pages filled with the compressed analysis of these constitutional forms, a series of chapters follows on many of the controversial questions of the day in the Relations of the State to the Protection of Industry, to Education, the Relief of the Destitute, Morals and Religion; and some of the problems are discussed which grow out of the encroachments of the central power on local

institutions, as also of the organised action of great parties in the State. It is true, as the author is already sensible, that this division is not without its drawbacks. Some questions stated in their abstract form in the theoretical section of the work require a fuller handling of their practical aspects later on. The necessary result is, not only occasional repetition, but also the appearance of a somewhat jejune and meagre treatment of great topics in the earlier chapters which may prejudice a hasty reader. Socialism, again, though its discussion in the second part may be technically justified by the conflict of its fundamental dogma with the recognised theories of the State, yet has stepped into the arena more than once of late in forms so menacing to the existing order of society as to deserve a more detailed exposure in an analysis of the actual forces of the present. But indeed, in the main subjects of the treatise, the workmanship is very far from being slight or unsubstantial; rather, it may seem too solid and compressed for ordinary readers. An abundant stock of materials has been provided by a wide historical survey, and the characteristic features of the systems due to political theorists of note have been carefully summarised and balanced. It would be difficult to find a work upon this subject covering so much ground and containing so much fullness of detail.

It is of special interest to notice that, when the institutions of democracy are handled, the writer freely refers to the politics of the United States to illustrate the experience of other countries. Valuable as seems this source of evidence, it has been drawn from scarcely in the general treatises of European writers on the subject, notably in one referred to by our author, Prof. Wachsmuth, who in his history of Political Parties devoted four pages only to America out of his nearly sixteen hundred. But it is a distinguishing merit of the work before us that it deals with this experience in a spirit of such fair and candid criticism, without patriotic bias or undue depreciation, though some of his readers nearer home can hardly fail to be offended with his unfavourable estimate of one or two marked features of their Constitution. He describes the evil effects upon the Civil Service of the use made of the Presidential right of patronage, and he exposes the machinery of "caucuses" with judicial gravity, though with no lack of personal interest.

In general it should be said that there are no traces in the work of novel theory or startling paradox, and that its author appears chiefly as the exponent of accepted data and verified conclusions. But his judgment is not overweighted by his learning. He reviews with independence the opinions of other thinkers; sweeps aside, for example, almost contemptuously, the revolutionary views of Herbert Spencer as to property in land; rejects emphatically the analysis of rights which is accepted in the school of Locke and Austin, with all the leading principles of the Utilitarian Philosophy; freely discusses the opinions of William von Humboldt and Mill on the limits of State power; and exposes the loose, precarious

nature of the wide generalisations which abound in the *Esprit des Lois* of Montesquieu, though he is evidently much impressed with the authority of so great a name.

His style is somewhat cold and colourless, and may seem needlessly unattractive in the earlier and more abstract portions of the work. His arguments are often stated with a simple brevity which disdains to use ornaments or stir the fancy, and the reasoning is sometimes as close and concentrated as an Aristotelian chapter.

His choice of words and phrases is not, indeed, always beyond criticism, and without being fastidious we may be ill content with "jural," "placated," "indirection," "race principle," "lying back of," "heaped up upon," and States "not sovereign except by catachresis;" some of which might possibly have been included in the lately published list of terms prohibited by an editor of the United States to his contributors.

The corrector of the press has not been always duly careful in his work, and the short list of "Errata" given might have been considerably extended. Thus, for "last" we should read "best," i. p. 36, and *plebs* for *populus*, ii. 27. "Schönemann" is an error more than once repeated for "Schömann." By the same cause we may probably explain the confusion as to geometrical equality in i. 28, the obscurity in the last sentence on p. 29, the loose statement in another on p. 38—due probably to a misplaced comma—and two paragraphs in p. 29, which are meaningless as they now stand.

But it would be ungracious to insist at greater length upon these drawbacks, which fortunately become less numerous as the interest of the work increases. In the many pages covering so wide a field of political enquiry, and touching on so many controversies, it would be easy to find points of difference for a critic to discuss; but the work is of real value, and the author deserves the thanks of future students of politics for adding to their library of reference a solid and trustworthy and comprehensive text-book.

W. WOLFE CAPES.

The Via Media of the Anglican Church. By J. H. Newman, D.D. In Two Volumes. With a Preface and Notes. (London: Pickering, 1877.)

THESE volumes consist of "The Prophetic Office of the Church"—one of the most acute and solid, though one of the least impressive, of the author's works—and of a large number of letters, and tracts dating from 1830 to 1841, beginning with a letter to the resident clergy of Oxford inviting them to support the Church Missionary Society with a view of discouraging missionary meetings—as then and now conducted—and ending with the well-known letters to the Bishop of Oxford and Dr. Jelf in defence of Tract 90, which reappears shorn of a little unnecessary vituperation of the writer's present belief. So, too, the original tracts on the *Via Media* lack the definition which the author gave in 1834 of the difference which in his judgment divided the Anglican and Roman doctrine; and when we turn to the Retraction at the end of the volume we find that the passage

had already been suppressed for several years in 1841.

Besides this there is the tract on "The True Method of Conducting the Controversy with Rome," and the letters to the *Christian Observer* in defence of Dr. Pusey's tract upon Baptism. There are two points which may be noticed in the last: one is that the author stands throughout in the attitude of a defender of liberty: he claims that a question which the formularies leave open shall not be closed by partisans; another is that he lays rather disproportionate stress on the Canon of 1571, which does not, as the writer seems to suppose, bid preachers to enforce as Scriptural doctrine whatever the Fathers taught as such, but forbids them to enforce any doctrine which is not Scriptural and can be proved to be so from the Fathers. We do not notice anything like a retraction of a very questionable position which is an essential part of the case the author once endeavoured to construct against his present creed. It is not surprising that he says nothing of a very perplexing assumption which runs through all his Anglican criticism of popular Protestantism: according to him, the Creeds which resulted from the controversies of the fourth and fifth centuries are among the most precious treasures of the Church—though they are protests against forgotten errors, they set eternal truths in clearer light. According to him, the way the Church of England decided the controversies of the sixteenth century was quite right so far as it went; at any rate it was a sufficient safeguard against definite errors, so that we were at liberty to forget the controversies of the sixteenth century and fall back upon Patristic theology. Now, to Anglicans like Dean Hook or Bishop Wilberforce this would have been as shocking as a proposal to fall back upon Ante-Nicene theology while retaining the Creeds as a safeguard against forgotten errors. The author admits that the Articles from "the sixth to the eighteenth contain one certain view brought out in its particular form at the Reformation," and this view is just the essence of Protestantism, the justification, if there is one, of the Reformation. This positive doctrine was as precious to Hooker as to Cartwright, to Ridley as to Hooper; none of them regarded the assertion of it as a mere protest against scholastic and mediaeval corruption, and it is the failure to recognise this that makes the *argumentum ad hominem* against modern Protestantism from the authority of the Reformers in the *Via Media* as unconvincing as it is ingenious.

The same omission rather vitiates the writer's criticism of the Protestant rule of faith in "The Prophetic Office." He speaks as if every consistent Protestant claimed to interpret the Bible for himself by dint of pure scholarship, or else by a mystical personal illumination. The truth is that Protestants interpret the Bible by tradition just as much as Catholics, only they will not own it. The Protestant has the practical advantage that his tradition (he calls it "the Gospel") looks much easier to understand than the Catholic, and that it makes the Bible look much easier to understand than it is. It has the logical disadvantage that it rests

upon no authority in particular, and that it leaves a great many of the most characteristic parts of the Bible unexplained, as Dr. Newman shows with great effect. On the other hand, the Protestant makes a much more confident and compendious appeal to the experience of ordinary believers than the Catholic, who scarcely thinks that the promises are fulfilled in this life except to the perfect.

This would hardly have been, perhaps it hardly is, an objection in the eyes of Dr. Newman: his criticism of the Roman Catholic rule of faith is that it is too clear, too systematic, too complete, while the Anglican rule of faith has the advantage of being better borne out by Church history, while it is quite sufficient for the guidance of religious, well-disciplined minds—the only minds, it is implied throughout, who can expect to find or profit by safe guidance. In the present edition we are referred to the essay on "Development of Doctrine" for a reply to the historical difficulties, which perhaps the author has rather outgrown than answered. Another set of difficulties on which great stress is laid in the original work comes from the practical working of Roman Catholicism, which scandalises many who might otherwise accept the authoritative teaching of the Church as set forth in dogmatic decisions and the accepted theology of the schools. In the Preface to the present edition he undertakes to reply to this by pointing out that the Church has a Royal and a Pastoral as well as a Prophetic office, that always to proclaim exact theological truth might do more harm than good, and that some theoretical questions, such as heretical baptism, have been happily settled to the approval of Anglicans by an appeal to these practical considerations. Still, it is admitted that in adjusting the claims of the three offices the hierarchy and even the Pope may make mistakes—not insisting when they ought, insisting when they ought not—for no Pope is impeccable. It is admitted that in any nation where unhesitating faith is general, there will be much superstition; which suggests the question whether upon this view a dogmatic revelation with the costly machinery for guarding it is really a boon to mankind. It is admitted also that there is a large toleration for different views of doctrine, different tempers of piety, within the pale of the Roman obedience; and this suggests the question whether the unity within that obedience is real, whether the author of the *Apology*—shall we say?—is not more nearly of the same religion as the author of the *Analogy* than of the Neapolitan crone who chatters to her crucifix, or the Neapolitan brigand who wears a scapular and perhaps punctually fulfils all the special obligations which that implies, while neglecting all the ordinary duties of a Christian.

G. A. SIMCOX.

The Great Thirst Land; a Ride through Natal, Orange Free State, Transvaal, and Kalahari Desert. By Parker Gillmore. (London: Cassell, Petter & Galpin.)

BEFORE reading this book I saw an advertisement of it in the *Times*, as many others

may have done, in which the above title was supplemented by the words, "Including a description of the unknown lands lying between the Limpopo and the water-sheds of the mighty rivers lately explored by Stanley and Cameron, as well as the scene of the present war on the frontier of the Cape Colony." Taking it up in the full expectation of gaining a knowledge of the country of the Galeka Kafirs and of learning something new about the southern tributaries of the Congo, I read on from chapter to chapter—for the book is an interesting and well-written one—to the very end. Will it be believed, there is not a word in it about the scene of the present war on the frontier of the Cape Colony, not even a suggestion of the existence of such a disturbance? Indeed, though there is not a single date in the book, even on the title-page, incidental references show that the journey it describes was made before there was any thought of another Kafir outbreak; and no part of the author's route lies nearer the Transkei than we are to Germany. As for the "unknown lands between the Limpopo and the watersheds," the parts of the Limpopo basin that were visited by the author have been crossed by many travellers since the days of Gordon Cumming, and he was never within a six-months' journey of any stream draining to the country explored by Cameron and Stanley. Mighty rivers, forsooth! The very title chosen for the book refers to the want of water in the dry sands of the Kalahari. If a New Zealander, having made a journey in France, had gone back to his native island and written a narrative of his travels there, and this had been announced as "including a description of the unknown lands lying between the Rhine and the Polar ice lately explored by Parry and Nares, as well as the scene of the Turkish war," the case would be very nearly a parallel one to that of this book. The work, however, in itself makes no pretension to be anything more than is indicated in its real title; and the author, to judge of him from his own writings, would be the very last to wish his work launched under false colours.

Confessing to a feeling of irritation at having been misled, let us see what the book does contain. It is the narrative of a journey to the eastern border of the Kalahari desert, "written with the hope of amusing and instructing the general reader, as well as to impart information to the sportsman that will enable him to find the lion and the elephant."

Landing at Port Natal it takes us up over the Drakenberg range to the high plains of the Transvaal, and across these to the hunting-grounds of King Kama of Soshong in the upper basin of the Limpopo river. The return route passes along the eastern side of the Kalahari, through King Sechelle's town to the diamond-fields of Griqua Land West, and thence to Cape Town.

Pleasantly and graphically written sketches of scenes and adventures along this route fill the volume. The difficulties and mishaps of "trekking" with the lumbering ox-waggon; the scenery of the Drakenberg and the high plains; the Boers and natives; with hunting hazards and escapes innumer-

able, give material to keep up the unflagging zest and excitement of the narrative. Among the most generally interesting parts of the volume before us at the present moment are those which describe our newly re-included fellow-subjects of the Transvaal—the Boers who migrated hither from under British rule more than forty years ago. Taking them as they come, the general impression given by Mr. Gillmore's work is that there are Boers and Boers. The first of these met with, for example, are rather prepossessing, stalwart, fair men, dirty and rude, but honest and trustworthy. Those of their number who are most determinedly opposed to British interference belong to the sect called the "Doppers."

Their dress is a short single-breasted coat, trousers very loose, and peculiar-shaped broad-brimmed hats. They consider themselves to be the chosen people of God, and are still in search of the Promised Land, which they profess to believe exists further north in the interior of Africa. The heathen, they say, have been given them as a heritage, so they are slave-owners. They are brave and fearless, constantly carrying on war against one or other of the native tribes; and when actually engaged in hostilities, spare neither sex, but carry off the young children to be reared as bondsmen. They are hard masters, not sparing the lash, and exacting for the food their folks (slaves) get, constant and severe labour. No kind look or even word here cheers the slave's task, for no bond of sympathy exists between the Dopper and the black man. His horse he takes pleasure in, his cattle he is proud of, but a heathen merits not a thought. . . . The black population of these parts love not the Boers, but hate and dread the Doppers."

Towards the end of the book, when homeward bound, the author reaches the diamond-fields, and gives a capital description of them and the heterogeneous population that has gathered to the diggings. Altogether the book is a very entertaining one, and if no expectation had been raised beyond those which it realises, the impression left by its perusal could not be other than pleasant.

K. JOHNSTON.

Oeuvres Complètes de Diderot. In Twenty Volumes. Edited by J. Assézat and M. Tourneux. (Paris: Garnier, 1875-7.)

FEW authors of eminence have hitherto stood so much in need of a new and complete edition as Diderot. Up to this time the standard text (so far as there is any that can be called standard) has been that published by Brière in 1821. This is not only expensive, cumbersome, and ill-arranged, but also (even if the four volumes of *anecdota* published in 1830 be added to it) by no means complete. It may, indeed, be doubted whether a really complete edition is possible, not only because of Diderot's well-known "ostrich-like indifference" to the fate of his work, but also because a large proportion of that work is embedded beyond the possibility of identification or extrication in the work of other men. But it should be possible to collect and arrange at least all his separately published pieces with those available in MS., and this is the task which to the great joy of every student of eighteenth-century literature was two years ago undertaken by M. Jules Assézat. That the editor possessed the necessary qualifications of

knowledge and sympathy was amply testified *inter alia* by his dainty little edition of *La Mettrie's L'Homme Machine*, which appeared some ten years ago, and the promise has been fully redeemed in the present great undertaking. Unhappily he succumbed to an attack of heart disease when about three-fourths of the volumes had appeared, and before he had had time to do more than assemble materials for the *étude* on Diderot which was to finish the work. M. Maurice Tourneux undertook the duty of seeing the rest of the edition through the press, and has subjoined such of the materials referred to as were available; but he has wisely not attempted at such short notice to carry out entirely his predecessor's design. M. Assézat's death is much to be regretted, though we in England have the consolation of knowing that Mr. Morley's book, which will soon appear, will to a certain extent compensate for the loss of the projected *étude*. Meanwhile the deceased editor's work must be very highly spoken of. Every now and then, perhaps, he indicates his manuscript sources with less precision than a disciple of the strictest school of modern editing might wish; and it is probable that an English or German editor would have consulted in person the MSS. in the Hermitage of St. Petersburg, which are the chief sources of new matter, instead of relying on transcripts made some time previously with a different object. But his arrangement is generally excellent, and his Introductions to the various works are so admirably full and readable that the loss of the general *étude* is hardly felt.

The actual new matter in this edition is considerable. It consists of a very lengthy refutation of Helvetius' *De l'Homme*; a treatise on Physiology, or rather notes for such a treatise, also of great length; a very much enlarged version of the "Plan for a Russian University"; several sketches of proposed dramas; half-a-dozen new poems; thirty new letters, and many scores of small articles and notes on every conceivable subject. But, besides its absolute novelties, the edition unites a great deal not to be found previously except in a hundred different publications. Thus we have for the first time a complete reissue of the invaluable "Salons." Also there is a bulky selection on new principles from the *Encyclopédie*—a selection scarcely, perhaps, inspired by M. Assézat's ordinary good sense. But of this more hereafter.

Meanwhile, we do not fear to assert that the new matter can hardly exalt, and will assuredly not lessen, our estimate of Diderot's importance. That importance has been occasionally misunderstood by his critics both earlier and later. It has not been unusual to represent Diderot as a man of great and pregnant ideas, and a forerunner of modern scientific thought. This representation, if not absolutely mistaken, fails, as it seems to us, to seize the real *virtue* of the philosopher. Nor is its truth at all necessary to a very high estimate of his powers and position. The real greatness of Diderot seems rather to lie in the fact (recognised by Goethe) that he had a "peculiar individuality:" that his views, whatever they might be, were held and put

in a manner which bears the mark of genius, and is not the manner of any other man; that if we had not Diderot we should lack something which no other man could supply.

Take, for instance, his philosophical treatises, or, to call them by their real name, his attacks on Christianity. The peculiar excellence of Diderot does not here appear as it does in some other of his works, notably in his masterly "Salons." But even in these hastily written treatises, much of the matter of which is a mere repetition of what others had said, or at least a somewhat slovenly utterance of what was "in the air" at the time, not a little of that peculiar excellence may be observed. Compare, for instance, Diderot's manner of dealing with these questions with that of such representative men of his sect as Voltaire and Naigeon, and its superiority will be obvious at once. On the one hand, there is little or nothing of the levity which continually offends and disgusts one in the *Dictionnaire Philosophique* and others of Voltaire's works. On the other, the ridiculous missionary-atheism of some of the smaller *philosophes*, the *feu d'enfer* which Chénier so happily ridiculed, is equally absent. Diderot has adopted certain views on a certain subject. These views he defends and champions, not by mopping and mowing at his adversaries, nor, on the other hand, by endless sermons on the beauty of unholiness and the wickedness of those "qui décrètent l'être suprême," but by such good downright blows as a stout arm and a somewhat happy-go-lucky skill of fence enable or allow him to deliver.

Take, again, a subject which is not very savoury, but which can hardly be omitted in any notice of Diderot—the very singular freedom of his language. We think, indeed, that Mr. Carlyle has somewhat exaggerated this, as M. Assézat has undoubtedly underrated it. We of course leave out of consideration the *Bijoux Indiscrets* as a production altogether indefensible, admitted to be so by the author himself. But in his other works it is soon clear to a careful observer that, in this as in the former case, even one who cannot sympathise with what Diderot says and does, may perfectly comprehend, and even to some extent admire, his motives and his manner of speaking and acting. He sees that certain feelings and desires do, as a matter of fact, occupy a very important place in the drama of most men's, if not of all men's, lives; and being above all things an anthropologist, he misses no opportunity of collecting any fact or phrase which may illustrate these feelings, and imposes no restraint on himself or others in speaking about them. We, on the other hand, may insist on the paramount importance of submission to existing conventions. But we must admit that his view may, *prima facie*, commend itself to a man of understanding and morality; and we must, above all, distinguish between such outspokenness and the sniggering and tittering indelicacy which disgraces Voltaire.

As in these crucial instances, so in almost all others it will be found that, while the importance of what this writer said or did is

very often exceedingly questionable, the interest of the way in which he said or did it, of the point of view which he took, and of the interconnexion of his thoughts is extremely great. There can, therefore, be few greater mistakes than to regard Diderot merely or mainly as an exponent of "ideas," whose faulty manner may be excused in consideration of the value of his matter. Impartially examined, Diderot will be found to have less original value, if looked at in this way, than almost any man of equal eminence. It would be perfectly just to vary the well-known qualification of his great contemporary, and to say that "il avait plus que personne les idées que tout le monde avait." No doubt it was impossible for so vigorous a genius as Diderot to refrain from exhibiting intense and varied originality in the treatment of the ideas which presented themselves to him. But he took, and, if we are not mistaken, would always have taken, merely the prevalent thoughts and fancies of the time, without giving himself the trouble of going out of the highway or digging beneath it. It was the trick of the time to attack Christianity, and Diderot attacked with the most eager. Physical science, sociology, questionable novels, were all pet subjects of the hour, and Diderot grappled bravely with them all. It would be almost impossible to produce a weaker argument for or against any given idea, doctrine, or position (other than aesthetic), than that Diderot was for or against it. But his real eminence and his real attraction lie in the manner in which he treated these common and chance materials. The French Romantic school did not err in singling him out among the great names of the past century for exceptional favour, for it is his manner alone by which he is justified. The subject in him becomes, to a qualified student, all but invisible; everywhere we see Diderot himself, his electric quickness of intelligence, his many-sidedness of view, his quintessential individuality, his freedom (in seeing, though not in choosing his objects of sight) from conventionality and prejudice. One of the faultiest artists possible, he yet stands almost alone in the intensely artistic quality of his mind and of his handling, of his thought and of his work. He deserved the often quoted and often debated epithet of encyclopaedical: not at all because he edited an encyclopaedia, nor even because he actually wrote, talked, and thought on many and various branches of knowledge, but because his habit of mind prepared him to write, think, and talk about anything which presented itself. Hence also was it that he sometimes, though unjustly, appears superficial, and often and justly incurs the reproach implied in Marmontel's well-known remark, "Good pages, no good book." His peculiar union of quickness and dexterity in comprehension, of readiness in seeing where to plant his grasp and alacrity in planting it, enabled him to obtain a (for him) sufficient hold of his subject, without any of the detailed exercise and preparation which slower if more scientific natures require. The process might be slow, we think, generally was thorough, but the representation of it could not but look

superficial to minds of a different cast. And it is not to be denied that his admirably artistic appreciation was unaccompanied by a suitable faculty of artistic creation or even expression. His rapidity of apprehension was conjoined with an equal rapidity in relinquishing what he had grasped. Hence it is that he appears to far better advantage in his "Salons" and his correspondence than in his regular treatises. In his casual remarks, in his almost chaotic collections of disjointed criticism or description, he is unrivalled. But his hand is at least as hasty as it is adroit.

For confirmation of these remarks we must refer the reader to the ten thousand or more pages before us. In setting about the arrangement of this vast mass, M. Assézat adopted the principle of division by subjects, the works being arranged chronologically under each head. These heads are eight in number—Philosophy, Belles Lettres, Science, Fine Arts, the *Encyclopédie*, Travels, Miscellanies, and Correspondence.

In Philosophy, the new refutation of Helvetius, though crammed with evidences of its author's acuteness of thought, and of his extraordinary faculty of illustration, labours under the disadvantage of being a page for page commentary rather than an original and connected work. Hence it is hardly in a position to wrest the palm of interest from the remarkable progressive series of philosophical works which ranges from the "Essai sur le Mérite et la Vertu" to the "Lettre sur les Sourds et Muets." We say progressive, because, though we cannot accept the precision with which some writers make Diderot a rationalist in the first of these works, a deist in the second, a sceptic in the third, and an atheist in the fourth; there is no doubt a certain progression, if not in the author's views, at any rate in his intentional expression of them. All these works are interesting (save, perhaps, the first) as specimens "de la philosophie comme on en faisait autrefois;" and strange as they may appear to persons only accustomed to the philosophy of the present day, the presence of thought and talent may, perhaps, be found in some measure to compensate for the absence of method and terminology. They present, moreover, some individual points of interest. The "Promenade du Sceptique" looks a little like an attempt to copy and rival *Alciphron*. The "Lettre sur les Avengles" and its sequel "On the Deaf and Dumb" offer a good opportunity to anyone who wishes to raise one of the most unprofitable of literary questions—a question as to priority of ideas between Diderot and Condillac. But the last of M. Assézat's two new "Pensées Philosophiques" is of peculiar interest, as exhibiting probably the germ of the famous eighteenth chapter of the *Système de la Nature*.

In the section of Belles Lettres the numerous plans and sketches of projected dramas will naturally attract some readers. There is, however, we think, more characteristic interest in the recovered critical sketches to which we have alluded. Written for the most part on works of which not one student of French literature in a thousand has ever even heard, they are still readable, from the extraordinary, and indeed, unique

faculty of appreciation which made Diderot the prince of all reviewers, past, present, and to come. As to the larger and previously known works of this section, we have unfortunately here no space to speak. Suffice it to say that admirers—and who that has read it is not an admirer?—of the immortal *Neveu de Rameau* will find an excellent notice of that strangely-historied work, and a new text derived from a rather unduly mysterious “copie sans date.” It is also worth mentioning that M. Assézat is almost the first Frenchman who has done justice to *Jacques le Fataliste*, a book worthy of the vigorous days of the sixteenth century, and far more fit to be compared with *Pantagruel* than the wretched stuff which has sometimes had that honour.

Under Science, the place of honour must be given to the now first printed *Éléments de Physiologie*. It is, as we have said, merely a collection of notes; but it forms a curious companion to the *Rêve de d'Alembert*, and is besides, full of the random but suggestive thoughts in which Diderot was so fertile. It has a certain link of connexion with La Mettrie.

The three bulky volumes of Fine Arts should be equally welcome to artists who love literature and to men of letters who love art. Their contents have been already alluded to in the ACADEMY by a writer far more competent to speak than the present reviewer; but it cannot be too often repeated that Diderot was actually the creator of the art of picture-criticism, that he had in this line absolutely no forerunners, and that everything good which has been done in it since has been a following, conscious or unconscious, of his manner. Of how many writers can such a thing in any department of literature be truly said?

With the selection from the *Encyclopédie* we have, as we have hinted, a small crow to pluck. We do not grudge the five volumes which it occupies, very far from it. And it is possible that the extraction of the whole of Diderot's work would have been impossible. But if a selection had to be made we cannot doubt that the articles on manufactures and technical subjects on which Diderot, as is well known, bestowed infinite pains, and which he was the first to treat with anything like literary skill, should have been preferred to such things, for instance, as articles on mythology, which are mainly paste and scissors. That the matter of the former is out of date—the excuse alleged—seems to us no disqualification, and is besides compensated by a certain antiquarian interest. But what we really want is to see the way in which Diderot treated these things, and the mere fact that the things themselves are obsolete does not interfere with our wish.

Of the Travels and the few *œuvres diverses* there is not much that needs to be said here, and of the delightful correspondence Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Morley have relieved us from the necessity of speaking. We, therefore, leave this book to the appreciation of readers. Few can be expected to read it with interest throughout, though we could mention many worse employments of time and not many better. But there is hardly anyone who will not in one or other of the twenty

volumes find some subject of special interest to himself treated in a manner which throws new light and new interest upon it. This we have already said is Diderot's special charm and his special value. Had the editor been spared to complete his task, there would probably have been but few complete editions which would have equalled this. As it is, there are not many that surpass it.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

Bibliotheca Cornubiensis. By George Clement Boase and William Prideaux Courtney. Vol. II. (London: Longmans & Co., 1878.)

WE are glad to welcome the issue of the second volume of this valuable work. The public, as well as the authors, may be congratulated thereon. Messrs. Boase and Courtney have now succeeded, after several years of patient labour, in getting through the alphabet from A to Z, and have given a list of authors and of works connected with the county of Cornwall which may vie with that of any county in England. The amount of labour, learning, and perseverance displayed in this undertaking is astonishing. The authors, in the Preface to their first volume, very modestly disclaim for their work any pretension to the title of a complete Bibliography of the county. They state that their object is to furnish a catalogue—first: Of all the works written by natives of Cornwall, members of Cornish families, and persons resident in the County; secondly: Of all works relating to the County, even though written by persons unconnected therewith—and they determined to include within the scope of their work, not merely books of permanent interest, but also pamphlets, political tracts, literary and scientific papers, reports of societies, patents, dramas, music, songs, extracts from sale-catalogues, maps, manuscripts, &c., &c. This is a very wide range, and the authors, while they have amply fulfilled their promise in all its branches, have gone far beyond it, as a glance at their ample pages will abundantly show. They have, in many cases, allowed the names of authors to appear in their work whose connexion with the county has been exceedingly transient, and hence they have enriched their pages with names which we should not otherwise have found therein. As an illustration, our amiable and accomplished friend Mr. Planché, Somerset Herald, finds a place in the *Bibliotheca Cornubiensis* simply because while on a visit to Penzance in the autumn of 1868 he sketched out his “Pieces of Pleasantry for Performance during the Christmas Holidays,” which he dedicated to Lady Molesworth; and wrote some verses upon leaving Pencarrow, after a brief visit there in 1872. But our authors have by no means neglected native writers. The works of many occupy several double-column pages: those of the Rev. R. Polwhele, the historian of Devon and Cornwall, upwards of ten, while nearly as much space is needed to display the productions of the pens of Bishop Trelawney, Dean Prideaux, and Sir Harris Nicolas. Though it is probable that some pamphlets or tracts relating to the county have been omitted, the authors would

seem to have ransacked every public and many private libraries to obtain materials for their work, and they tell us that they have, moreover, consulted living authors with respect to their works, and the friends and relations of those who are deceased. It is therefore probable that, from the care which has been taken in its compilation, this work in accuracy and completeness will favourably compare with any other of its class.

The authors, however, do not limit themselves to bibliographical information. Beyond this they have given very valuable biographical particulars of the many eminent men who have enriched our literature, and supplement, in many cases, this information with interesting notes of incidents in their lives. There is scarcely a Cornish family of any antiquity or eminence with respect to which some information may not be obtained from the *Bibliotheca Cornubiensis*. That in a work of this wide range the authors should have fallen into some errors, especially with respect to biographical details, which is not one of their principal objects, was unavoidable; nevertheless, there is much evidence of the care they have taken to be in all respects accurate.

We are glad to see that, in addition to the two volumes already issued, there is to be a third, now far advanced, which will contain an alphabetical arrangement of miscellaneous matter that could not be classified under the names of authors; a list of local Acts of Parliament and Civil War pamphlets relating to the county; a supplement showing the works of recent date, &c., together with a complete index to the contents of the entire work. To the completion and issue of this we shall look forward with much interest.

JOHN MACLEAN.

The Life and Times of the Right Hon. John Bright. By Wm. Robertson, Author of “Rochdale: Past and Present.” (Rochdale, 1878.)

THE author of this work is a newspaper reporter, who has lived in Rochdale for the last seventeen years, and publishes it himself at the office of the *Observer*, a local paper. The little volume (small octavo in size, though upwards of 500 pages in length) does credit externally to its parent and his office, for it is well and carefully printed, and nicely bound, illustrated, and got-up. Nor are we disposed to quarrel with the contents, regarding them to some extent as the work of an amateur. Such books are mistakes. A man's Life cannot be written as it should be, and ought not to be written at all, until he has been dead long enough to allow the exaggerations and false lights which surround us all—the least as well as the greatest—to fall off, and tone down. However, Mr. Robertson is only following the evil example of many of the metropolitan leaders in his own profession—who ought to know better—and has done the work he has set himself, if not with any great insight or power, yet at least without bad taste. There is nothing likely to annoy Mr. Bright or any of his family (unless it be the too frequent use of superlatives in the enthusiastic appreciation of his abilities and virtues); and, after all,

that is by far the most important quality in contemporary biography. It seems, indeed, superfluous, and quite out of keeping with Mr. Bright's character, to begin with a genealogical tree of the family, tracing it down in all its branches from Abraham Bright, a Wiltshire yeoman of Queen Anne's time. But such efforts seem to be thought a necessary part of the biographical business nowadays, and at any rate there is no ridiculous attempt to go back to any Sir Ralph, or Sir Roger Bright, of Plantagenet times.

The most interesting part of the book to our mind is the short portion which gives a sketch of Mr. Bright's boyhood and youth. It is meagre, and over-full of lists of names of good but unknown citizens who attended meetings or played matches in Lancashire nearly half-a-century ago, and of the subjects discussed by provincial debating societies. Still we learned from it a fact or two which we were glad to learn, such as John's loss of his first new suit of clothes, which his mother took off his back to give to a poor boy (p. 11); his ducking by his schoolfellows in a roadside pond for a trick he had played them (p. 34); his borrowing and riding Mr. Sladen's donkey; his fishings in the reservoirs to his father's mill (where we fear he might now angle for weary years without catching a stickleback); and his performances as a cricketer (p. 55). Mr. Robertson claims for him as a boy the habit of "exactitude, a quality which he has maintained through life," a position to which, with all our admiration for Mr. Bright, we cannot assent without qualification. His weak point seems to us to be the want of this quality, which leads to such protests as, for instance (to take the latest), those of the Bishop of Truro and Sir James Stephen.

His early career as a speaker, too, is interesting: how he rehearsed his speeches in the office of the mill to Nicholas Nuttall, a Radical workman; how at one of his first public performances (he and his friend Ormerod having agreed to prompt one another from their respective MSS. in case of need) John got "mixed," as his Yankee friends would say, in his peroration from having forgotten the name of the upas-tree, and had to turn round and ask, "What is next, Oliver?" amid shouts of laughter. But, if Mr. Robertson is to be trusted, the stories we have heard of his complete break-down as a speaker are all rubbish. He was evidently born with the great gift, and cultivated it most assiduously from boyhood.

From his entry into public life in 1838, when the Anti-Corn-Law League was formed, the book is merely a selection from and paraphrase of Mr. Bright's speeches, connected by the slightest possible chain of narrative. The selection is certainly made with some skill, and brought to our minds a number of incidents and good sayings which we had forgotten, and some which we had never heard before. At the same time, the story does not run easily, and is now and then forced and stilted. Take, for instance, this:—"As he stepped ashore he was heartily cheered by about 300 friends who had assembled on the quay,

"The observed of all observers,"

or, as Shakspere elsewhere expresses it,

"Like a bright exhalation of the evening" (p. 343). This insertion of tags of poetry, with which the book would be far too highly salted even if they were all to the point and of good savour, is a decidedly weak point. Another, and more serious one to our mind, is the reprinting of electioneering speeches of the character of the one made at Rochdale in 1867, in which opponents are charged with "gorging" themselves with patronage, combining for the sake of "loot," &c. When Mr. Bright's Life comes to be seriously written his biographer will have to deal with much unnecessarily violent speech in his early years, but in such a book as this it was worse than useless to rouse up such careless talk, slipping out in his ripe manhood. The short account of Mr. Bright's visit to Windsor on his taking office is as good in its way as Peter Pindar's account of the visit of George III. to "old Whitbread" at his brewery. But the one trifling incident which on the whole pleased us best, and made us close the book in high good humour, and with an assurance that the singular eminence of one member has had no deteriorating influence on the good old Quaker stock from which Mr. Bright springs, will be found at page 511. His eldest daughter took her firstborn, John Bright Clarke, to Birmingham to hear one of his grandfather's great speeches. When questioned afterwards what he thought of his grandfather's speech, young John answered that he liked the fight (which had come off between two men in the audience) much more than the talk. So long as the greatest orators do no more harm than this to their offspring, we shall bear with equanimity almost any amount of dishing-up of their eloquence with trimmings of laudatory comment in their lifetime.

THOS. HUGHES.

NEW NOVELS.

Mirage. By George Fleming, Author of "A Nile Novel." In Three Volumes. (London: Macmillan & Co., 1877.)

False or True, and Three other Tales. By Alice de Thoren. (London: Remington & Co., 1877.)

If. A Novel. By the Author of "Casque and Cowl," &c. In Three Volumes. (London: Tinsley Brothers, 1877.)

The Earl of Effingham. A Novel. By Lalla McDowell. (London: Samuel Tinsley & Co., 1877.)

Two Knaves and a Queen. By Frank Barrett, Author of "Fantoccini," &c. In Three Volumes. (London: Tinsley Brothers, 1877.)

THE merits of *A Nile Novel* led us to look forward with more than ordinary interest to a second story from the same pen, but we cannot help saying that we are disappointed in *Mirage*. The characters are weaker, and the book too long. There is certainly the same excellent style; and the same accurate and realistic sketches of scenery and places seem almost to carry us away into Eastern lands, but the general interest is not well sustained. The plot of *Mirage* is very similar to that of *A Nile Novel*. A young lady goes on a tour with her friends in Palestine and

Syria. She has two lovers, one travelling with her party, the other for the most part absent. As before, the one present proves successful. The other, by name Denis Lawrence, vanishes into lands still further east, and returns, some years later, to startle the London world with his paintings. One of these is kept private, but a particular friend is told that if it is ever exhibited it will be called *Mirage*. It is his recollection of the heroine of the story, by name Miss Constance Varley, afterwards Mrs. Jack Stuart. The author is much more successful in depicting female than male characters. This is especially noticeable in this second novel. Also the wit seems to be occasionally forced, and jokes are pulled in head-and-shoulders-wise. Although the travellers in *Mirage* are not, apparently, connected with our former friends on the Nile, there appears at Damascus Belle Hamlyn's unsuccessful lover, George Ferris. He seems to have got over his disappointment at Cairo, and has now devoted himself entirely to art. We are glad that he has found this consolation, for we felt great sympathy with him in his trouble.

It is difficult to imagine what benefit could accrue to Miss de Thoren or to the novel-reading community from the publication in a volume of the four slight stories, the first of which is called "False or True." This is the most elaborate as regards plot, and something better might have been made of it. But how can a stray couple march into a country church and be married, just as the clergyman is taking off his *surplus* (sic) after morning service? The difficulty of the ring might have been got over, but scarcely the absence of a licence or the publication of banns. The last story, which is entitled "Mimi," is sad, and rather pretty.

The hero of *If* is an unsuccessful painter, the heroine a successful musician. The latter "elopes with Art," and the former with a young lady at about the same time. There is an egregious villain in the story, who is the main cause of the ill success of the hero's repeated attempts to reinstate himself in the position which he had lost by his imprudent marriage. This amiable being, by name Count Luis Rinalzi, also endeavours to ruin everybody else's happiness, but at length dies picturesquely. His decease paves the way for the rescue of Horace Raleigh from the lowest depths of poverty and misery. His wife has been some time dead, and he is found dying. Whether he recovers to marry Hermia Stuart, the accomplished musician, we are not told. The story breaks off in the midst of a musical *soirée*, given by Miss Stuart. The music begins, and the minds of all present are enthralled. Only the heart of the player is far away, by the bedside of the man she had loved throughout her life—the poor sick artist. The book is artistic and pleasing, and the sketches of the Greville and Stuart families form a good background to the principal figures.

The *Earl of Effingham* is a thoroughly good tale. It is written with the intention of showing the evils that result from absentee landlords in Ireland, and the good which they might work by living at home. Miss McDowell quite carries her readers

with her in descriptions of people or places, and her heroine is a charming study of an Irish girl. The only mistake in the book is the inaccuracy of calling the younger son of an earl the Honourable Major Effingham, and his elder brother Lord Stanley Effingham.

The story of *Two Knaves and a Queen* illustrates not inaptly the playing of the cards of an important trick in whist. The stakes are the great Biron property. The hero and heroine, Hugh and René Biron, are partners against the two knaves, who are, however, but hollow-hearted confederates, each desirous of obtaining the lead. Hearts are trumps. Mr. Fox plays the first card, the knave of diamonds, by gaining the ascendancy over old Mr. Biron, and causing his grandson's disinheritance. René Biron, a newly-found grandchild, next plays the queen of the same suit, and ousts Mr. Fox from favour. Her former protector, M. Gaillefondaine, thinks now to win both lady and property, and trumps with the knave of hearts. The game seems in his favour, when the formerly disinherited grandson, Hugh, overtrumps with his king, and wins the trick, the property, and—his cousin. The story is fairly told, and the characters are well brought out. One or two scenes are, nevertheless, rather over-drawn, as also, we think, is the utter disregard of the heroine for English customs and conventionalities.

T. W. CRAWLEY.

SCHOOL-BOOKS.

Le Théâtre français du XIXme Siècle (Dulau and Co.; Hachette and Co.) is a well-selected series of modern French plays. Perhaps it will be most useful to teachers if we say a few words about the story of each of the plays. Even those who share our opinions about the editing will be glad to have the dramas themselves in a cheap and handy form. Victor Hugo's *Hernani* (edited by Gustave Masson) is by many considered his masterpiece. It is an episode of the beginning of Charles V.'s reign. Charles and the robber-chief Hernani, the exiled head of one of the great Spanish houses, are enamoured of Doña Sol, who is betrothed to her uncle and guardian, Don Ruy Gomez. The chivalry of the old Castilian noble, who protects his rival at all hazards against the king; the magnificent soliloquy of Charles in the tomb of Charlemagne; and the tragic end, where on his wedding-night Ruy Gomez exacts of Hernani the fulfilment of the pledge that had placed his rival's life in his hand—will at once recur to all who have read the play. Perhaps it is in places a little too passionate to interest schoolboys, who would take more kindly to *Les Burgraves*. Delavigne's *Les Enfants d'Edouard* (edited by F. Tarver) tells the story of the young prince murdered in the Tower. It is hardly a work of genius, but by no means uninteresting. Like *Hernani*, it is in verse, as is also Lebrun's *Marie Stuart* (edited by H. Lallemand), a free adaptation of Schiller's celebrated play. Bouilly's *L'Abbé de l'Épée* (edited by V. Kastner), an historical comedy in prose, is based upon an incident in the life of the philanthropist who in the eighteenth century devoted himself to the instruction of the deaf and dumb. *Michel Perrin*, by Mélésville and Duveyrier (edited by Gustave Masson), is a light comedy, interspersed with songs, referring to the early days of the Consulate. Michel Perrin, a disestablished parish-priest, who had been brought up with Fouché, Napoleon's Minister of Police, applies to his old friend for employment. By a misunderstanding, he is placed in the secret police, inadvertently discovers and reveals an im-

portant plot, and when he finds out what he has done, lectures the conspirators and dismisses them through the back door of the bureau. The signature of the Concordat relieves him of his uncongenial employment, and restores him to his flock. *Mdlle. de la Seiglière*, by Jules Sandeau (edited by H. J. V. de Candolle), is a story of the Restoration, turning on the love between the daughter of a returned émigré and the son of his steward, who had generously reinstated his former master in his ancestral estates. Of the series there is not much to be said. Except where allusions are explained they consist for the most part of mere translations of idioms which could be equally well found in the dictionary. There is no trace of an attempt to set boys thinking how such phrases came to have their meaning.

Selections from Alfred de Musset, edited by Gustave Masson (Hachette and Co.), is disfigured by the same unnecessary translations of phrases like *à tout prendre, de quoi il s'agissait, comme d'habitude*. But among these useless notes we find a good many quotations and illustrative criticisms which only extensive literary knowledge could have supplied. The selection consists of two *proverbes*, "On ne saurait penser à tout," and "Il faut qu'une porte soit ouverte ou fermée," two novelettes, *Croisilles* and *Pierre et Camille*, and a selection of poems, including "La Nuit de Mai," "La Nuit de Décembre," the verses on Malibran, &c. Of course the selections are such as may be read in schools. In the same series appears Ponsard's *Le Lion Amoureux*, edited by H. J. V. de Candolle. The scene is in Paris, just after the Revolution of Thermidor, and the hero is General Humbert, a self-made Republican soldier, who finds his way into Mdlle. Tallien's salon, and eventually marries a Marquise. There is a carefully-compiled index of proper names, but the ordinary notes are of the same indifferent type as those of the series mentioned above.

Outlines of French Literature, by G. Masson (Dulau and Co.; Hachette and Co.), in a primer form, is another example of M. Masson's remarkable fertility, which seems, however, to be often incompatible with first-rate work. We have lately had more than one opportunity of seeing that a primer of literature may be itself delightful reading, but we scarcely say as much of this work. It is far too crowded with names, and tells us far too little of the names for which we care most. Of *La Fontaine*, for instance, we hear that he was of the same school as Molière, that his fables are little dramas, and that it is a pity his "Contes" are not proper. Racine, we learn, is admirable in the representation of love, but inferior in moral greatness to Corneille. But that is all. Nor do Molière, Pascal, Corneille fare much better. Again, there is some ground for deprecating, in a primer of literature, such phrases as "repudiating the errors of Positivism," "an attempt to reconstruct the edifice of human knowledge on the quicksand of infidelity."

Brachet's Elementary French Grammar, adapted by Brette and Masson (Hachette and Co.), is a publication in two small volumes of the *Public School French Grammar*, reviewed in the ACADEMY of September 9, 1876. It is a considerable improvement on that work in point of clearness and adaptation to the wants of teachers. A good deal of pains has been taken to bring out important words by variety of type, and the book is well provided with index and vocabularies. But the Syntax will bear no comparison with that of the standard German school-book, Dr. Plötz's *Schul-Grammatik*. The subjunctive, the idiomatic uses of the tenses, and the employment of *de* and *à* are far from adequately treated. Other parts—as, for example, the pronouns—are better done.

A First French Book, by Henri Buô (Hachette and Co.), is a useful little compilation, but seems to us to go on too fast. At least twice as many

exercises are wanted in proportion to the text. Nor do we like, in the first dozen pages of a book for children, to encounter such phrases as "comparative of inferiority" and "absolute superlative." Cogery's *Philological French Primer* (Relfe Brothers) is simply a vocabulary and conversation-book. The chief object is to supply a large stock of nouns arranged in groups according to termination and gender. Why it should be called philological does not appear. F. Julien's *Petites Leçons de Conversation et de Grammaire* claims to be, not a grammar, but a method of conversational French. Indeed, the author is so enamoured of the idea that the main object of studying French is to use it conversationally that he says in so many words that unless one can speak French it is of no use whatever to read a French book as fluently as an English one. The book, however, does well what it professes to do; the exercises are numerous and lively, and there are some good hints how to make the most of them by basing a little conversation on each sentence. It is a good idea, too, to begin with a number of phrases like *début, levez les bras, &c.*, which the author calls "drill," so as to habituate a child to hear some French spoken from the very commencement.

WE have received several parts of *Nafiel's German Series* (Longmans and Co.)—namely, the First Reader, the First and Second Exercise-Book and a book of prose composition. In the last-named the notes are of the most commonplace description, and no real effort is made to initiate a pupil into German style.

German-English and English-German Dictionary, by W. D. Whitney. (Macmillan and Co.) The English-German part of this dictionary seems very carelessly put together. The first two words to which we turned were *in* and *lay*. Under the word *in* we have the following list—*in (innerhalb, binnin), auf, an; bei, nach, zu; darein, darin, drinnen; ein, herein, hinein; dabei, daran*—then some thirty phrases, taken apparently at random, with no attempt at classification. Among these phrases are, *to gaze in wonder, vor Verwunderung starren*, which is much too strong; *in respect to you, aus Achtung für Sie*, where the English is quite misunderstood; *to come in, hineinkommen*, which shows ignorance of the use of *hin* and *her*; *inasmuc, insfern*, which generally means *inasmuc as*; *in comparison, in Vergleich*, instead of *im Vergleich*; *in arms, unter den Waffen*, which would much more often be rendered "under arms," and no mention of a baby in arms; *in my mind, meiner Meinung nach*, which means "in my opinion," "in my mind" being hardly an English expression. Again, take the verb *to lay*. The article begins with seventeen German verbs, divided into groups by semicolons; but with no further indication of their meaning. Among them are *beschuldigen* and *zurechnen*, which could under no possible circumstances render the English word "lay." Probably the compiler was thinking of the phrase "lay to the charge of." In the middle of phrases of which the verb "to lay" forms part appears suddenly *my way lay just by him*, which most editors would place under another heading; and soon after the extraordinary expression *to lay in for*, which, judging by its German equivalent, must be a new form of *to lie in wait for*. The German-English part is much more satisfactory. It contains derivations, and indicates by a particular type such corresponding forms as *Mitleid, compassion; annehmen, accept*. Of course the work lays no claim to completeness, but the selection is judicious. One retrenchment might be recommended—the omission of the tenses of strong verbs like *sprach, gesprochen*, from the general dictionary; it is quite enough to give them in the list of irregular verbs.

NOTES AND NEWS.

SIGNOR GIUSEPPE MASSARI is to write a biography of General Lamarmora, which will be published by Messrs. Barbèra.

A NEW volume of poems is expected at no distant day from Prof. Nichol's pen.

WE are glad to notice a handy reprint of the well-known *History of the Peace* (George Bell and Sons), which, though the greater part of the first book was the work of Mr. Charles Knight, always bears the name of Miss Harriet Martineau, the author of by far the larger portion of the book.

WE regret to learn the death of Mr. Joachim Monteiro, the author of the excellent work on Angola, the Portuguese settlement on the Congo. Mr. Monteiro has recently resided at Delagoa Bay, where he was settled in connexion with a railway to the Transvaal, and where his death occurred.

FATHER SECCHI's work on the Sun, translated by Mr. R. A. Proctor, is preparing for publication by Messrs. Longmans.

WE understand that Mr. J. S. Reid, Assistant-Tutor and late Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge, whose critical edition of Cicero's *Academia* was published by Messrs. Macmillan and Co. in 1874, has prepared a translation of that work which will shortly be published by the same firm.

MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT have in the press a work called *A Legacy: being the Life and Remains of John Martin, Schoolmaster and Poet*, written and edited by the author of "John Halifax," in two volumes. The work will describe, we are told, the incidents of a very touching and interesting life.

Viva is the title of Mrs. Forrester's new novel, which is shortly to be issued by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN AND CO. will shortly publish a work entitled *Money and Value*, by Mr. Rowland Hamilton. The author's aim has been to explain the use of *money* and of *credit* in the system of industry, believing that the best remedy for its perversions is to be found in a better knowledge of the nature of the work essentially required for beneficial production.

It is said that Mr. Robert Buchanan has left the *Contemporary Review*, and is about to establish under his own editorship a new weekly critical journal.

MESSRS. GRIFFITH AND FARRAN are preparing for publication new and thoroughly revised editions of *Memorable Battles in English History*, by W. H. Davenport Adams, and of *Ocean and her Rulers*, by Alfred Elwes.

THE Rev. Samuel Beal, Professor of Chinese in University College, London, will deliver two lectures in the College, at 3 P.M., on April 2 and 4.

WE understand that Mr. C. S. Jerram, late Scholar of Trinity College, Oxford, is engaged upon an edition of the *Tabula of Cebes*, the Theban philosopher, with Introduction and Notes. This work, which was once popular as a school-book, has been long neglected, and no edition has appeared in this country for more than a century. It will be published by Messrs. Macmillan and Co. on behalf of the Delegates of the Clarendon Press.

MESSRS. ALLEN AND CO. are about to publish a work on the Armies of the Powers of Europe, giving particulars of their strength and organisation, and many interesting details regarding famous regiments in the different services, their constitution, &c., &c. The book will also include an account of the Navies of the several Powers.

MESSRS. RIVINGTONS have in the press two volumes of the late Canon Mozley's *Essays, Historical and Theological*, contributed to various *Reviews*, &c.; also a volume containing a course of *Sermons for the Christian Year*, selected from

the Rev. John Henry Newman's eight volumes of *Parochial and Plain Sermons*, by the Rev. W. J. Copeland.

MR. JOHN E. BAILEY, F.S.A., has just printed a lecture dealing with the history of Stretford, one of the many villages now forming the suburbs of Manchester. The booklet forms a model of what local history should be. Stretford has not been distinguished by any very notable events, nor is it remarkable as the birthplace of any worthies of the first class. Yet the pamphlet is one of considerable interest, and shows Mr. Bailey's well-known industry and accurate research. Thomas Walker, the author of *The Original*, by his reform in the management of the poor, reduced the poor-rates by one-half, and emptied the workhouse. In 1581 the curate of Stretford was "presented" for keeping an ale-house.

A NEW weekly journal, entitled *The Athletic World*, which will be devoted solely to cricket, football, bicycling, rowing, and athletic sports, is announced to appear on April 4, 1878. It will be published by E. W. Allen, 11 Ave Maria Lane.

THE annual general meeting of the Booksellers' Provident Institution will be held on Thursday, March 14, at their committee room, 56 Old Bailey. The President (John Murray, Esq.), is expected to take the chair at seven o'clock. Subscriptions and donations to be announced at the meeting may be sent to the Secretary, Mr. Ives, Amen Corner, Paternoster Row, any time before that date.

WE hear from Lahore that Dr. Leitner has published the second volume of his history of Mohammedanism written in Urdu. The same laborious scholar has also brought out a new edition of his *Dardistan*. The University College at Lahore, which owes its existence chiefly to the exertions of Dr. Leitner, is to become a university with the power of granting degrees.

A PRIZE has been offered at Frankfurt for the best essay on the systems of philosophy of Schopenhauer, Geiger, and Noiré.

THE widow of Chavée, the author of the *Lexicologie indo-européenne* and other works on Comparative Philology, whose death took place at Paris last year, has published a posthumous work, *Idéologie Lexicologique*, which contains also a short autobiography of her husband. Chavée began life as an ecclesiastic, and was perhaps the last who attempted to prove the derivation of all languages from Hebrew. He afterwards became a pupil of Burnouf, and by his lectures at Brussels, Pisa, and Paris, rendered useful service to the cause of Comparative Philology. In his attempt at reconstructing a typical Aryan language, he anticipated the method adopted by Schleicher and his school.

THE third and concluding volume of Spiegel's *Eranische Alterthumskunde*, a work worthy to stand by the side of Lassen's great work *Indische Alterthumskunde*, has appeared. Besides concluding the Eranian history, it describes the political and family life, and the state of knowledge and art. In a lucid chapter the author gives his results as to the origin and date of our text of the Avesta.

NUMEROUS German tributes have been given to Mr. Sime's Life of Lessing. Dr. Schöne, the editor of *Lessing's Letters to his Wife*, reviewed it in a long article of seventeen pages in *Im Neuen Reich*; and Karl Grün has given four articles on it in *Beilage zur Allgemeinen Zeitung*. The latter praises Mr. Sime for his comprehension of Lessing's purposes, his sense of proportion, and clearness in philosophic interpretation.

THE *Rassegna Settimanale* announces that the widow of Carlo Troia has presented to the National Library of Naples a number of MSS. of the late Neapolitan historian, including all the notes, letters, and documents, which he used for his *Storia d'Italia del medio Evo*, and his *Vetro di Dante*;

his correspondence from 1821 to 1849; and his commonplace book.

AMONG the black-letter fragments of Mr. W. B. Scott, Mr. Edmund Gosse has found two more leaves of the *Cruel Detter*, by H. W. Wager, whose "Longer thou liuest" is so well known for the bits of old ballads it contains. This "ballet or interlude of the *Cruel Detter*" was licensed to Thomas Colwell in the year July 1565 to July 1566 (see Arber's *Transcript*, i., 138), and has been hitherto known only by a single leaf among old Bagford's collection of title-pages, cuts, and scraps, in the British Museum. The *Cruel Detter* is partly in seven-line stanzas, like *Calisto and Melibaea*, in Hazlitt's *Dodsley*, i., 53, great part of Bale's *God's Promises*, (1538, Hazlitt, i., 285), and other plays of the time, from which Shakspere may have taken his fashion of stanzas, alternates, couplets, four-measure, and other doggerel in *Love's Labour's Lost*.

THE Museum of the Louvre has just acquired a copy of the *Book of the Dead*, which bears the name of a princess named Nedjem, mother of Her-hor, the high priest of Ammon, who usurped the royal power at the close of the dynasty of the Ramses, the fifteenth dynasty of Manetho. This large and important papyrus, which is in admirable condition, will be on exhibition very shortly in the Egyptian Museum at the Louvre.

THE death is announced of M. de la Saussaye, author of several remarkable *Mémoirs* on the antiquities of La Sologne; and of a work on *La Numismatique de la Gaule narbonnaise*.

IN the *Revue Critique* for March 2, M. Joret has published a letter from Queen Christina of Sweden to M. Tesson, speaking of preparations made for the extirpation of heresy in France. She speaks out boldly, all Catholic as she was, as becomes the daughter of the great Gustavus:—

"Je vous avouerai franchement," she writes, "que je ne suis pas fort persuadée du succès de ce grand dessein, et que je ne saurais m'en réjouir comme d'une chose avantageuse à notre sainte religion: au contraire je prévois bien des préjudices qu'un procédé si nouveau fera naître par tout. . . . Les gens de guerre sont d'étranges Apôtres, je les crois plus propres à tuer violer et voler qu'à persuader. . . . Je plains ces malheureux d'être nés dans l'erreur; mais il me semble qu'ils en sont plus dignes de pitié que de haine; et comme je ne voudrais pas pour l'empire du monde avoir part à leur erreur, je ne voudrais pas non plus être cause de leur malheur."

IN his recently-published volumes Prof. Masson expresses his surprise that Milton should have thought Christina worthy of the high-flown eulogium which he bestowed upon her. If Milton had lived to know how the Queen could express herself on the Dragonnades, he might easily have replied that he had detected her true greatness beneath the superficial extravagances of her conduct.

THE *Archiv für pathologische Anatomie und Physiologie* has just begun its seventieth volume. The first article in it, "On the Standpoints of Scientific Medicine," is from the pen of Prof. Virchow, who has been a contributor to the journal for the last thirty years. "Just thirty years ago," he says, "I wrote the first article for this journal on exactly the same subject," and he then develops his idea of what the method and aims of medicine ought to be at present. Besides many important views of a purely professional character, the paper contains the following statement on the problem of evolution and its true relation to pathology:—

"It is the same blind passion for imitation and systematising which in the last few years has borne such terrible fruits in the 'bubble companies' of speculators. Because one manufactory for railway goods was in a flourishing state, ten were at once founded, without remembering that the same demand did not require a tenfold supply. Because one or other contagious disease is contracted through Bacteria, therefore all contagion must at once be of a Bacterian origin. Nothing has operated more mis-

chievous in this direction than the crude systematising of the Darwinians. It is true that for us who had known the old natural philosophy it was a great surprise to see how by the genius of one man a thought which had already been accepted as an *a priori* necessity by natural philosophers was, after long and, unfortunately, not altogether unmerited banishment, enabled to reassert its rights, and was not merely revived, but made the foundation of a general system of the development of the organic world. But to turn a problem into an article of faith, to make a motive for investigation into a principle of synthesis, and, instead of examining, to revel in suppositions, is almost more dangerous than the *a priori* reasoning of the old philosophy of nature; for even the firm facts which had been established in the mean time were crammed into the new system, and ran the risk in this connexion, under the appearance of hypotheses, of losing their real significance. The 'struggle for existence' seemed to many people to be something quite new and unheard-of, as if the doctrine of self-preservation and of the instinct of self-preservation had not been the foundation of biology from time immemorial. Even the doctrine of hereditary transmission, this so patent fact of pathological experience, dazzled in its new form many eyes, but little used to the light of true science, and the attempt to consider pathological inheritance from a perfectly new point of view led many neophytes in our science to a lavish expenditure of learning, to which, strange to say, the archives of pathology were hardly called on to contribute. I need not here remind you that I belong to those who did not need this new incitement to consider the variability of species as a necessary condition for the mechanical theory of life. In a speech on the mechanical conception of life which I delivered before the Congress of Naturalists at Carlsruhe in the year 1858—a year before the publication of the first edition of Darwin's *Origin of Species*—I stated this in the most decided manner (*Four Speeches on Life and Sickness*, Berlin, 1862). I had already, in the year 1848, laid no less stress on the mechanical origin of life from general motion, as a logical necessity. (See *Efforts for Unity in Scientific Medicine*, Berlin, 1849.) I was therefore from the first prepared to accept gladly each fact which could establish the variability of species or original generation, and to value it as an important gain. But I cannot forbear, on the ground of my own experience, from warning you solemnly against the danger of taking hypotheses for facts, and of forgetting in the facility of general explanations, the necessity of authentic proofs for every single case."

ON February 21 the University of Leipzig celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the day on which W. Dindorf took his degree of M.A. The old Saxon University still retains the title of *Magister artium*, which at most of the other German universities has been replaced by *Philosophiae Doctor*. The University sent Dindorf a new diploma, in which he was addressed as—

"Qui cum scriptorum Graecorum permultorum, quorum in numero poëtae scenici et Demosthenes orator princepem locum tenent, operibus et scholiorum, quae in Homeri Iliadem, in Aeschyli, Sophoclis, Euripidis tragoeidias, in Aristophanis comoedias, in Demosthenis et Aeschinis orationes ab Alexandrinis et Byzantinis grammaticis conscripta sunt, reliqui accurate edendis, ingeniose emendandis, erudit interpretandis, tum Graecae linguae thesauro locupletissimo quem Henricus Stephanus olim construxit augendo, corrigoendo, melius digerendo tantum artis criticae usum tantumque sermonis graeci peritum probavit, ut non solum de Graecae linguae graecarumque literarum studiis promovendis insigniter meritus sit, sed etiam eis qui artis criticae et grammaticae hoc saeculo principes fuerunt, iure optimo adnumeretur."

Dindorf, as a classical scholar, is, no doubt, the most celebrated pupil of whom the University of Leipzig can boast during the present century. Deputations and letters of congratulation came from all parts of the world. The University of Oxford, for which Dindorf has brought out some of his most celebrated editions, was not represented.

OBITUARY.

THE Rev. C. Lesingham Smith died on the 23rd ultimo, aged seventy-one. He was educated at Christ's College, Cambridge, being fifth Wrangler in the mathematical tripos of 1829. In the following year he was elected to a fellowship, which he retained until he was appointed in 1839 to the college living of Little Canfield, and during several years he held the post of Mathematical Lecturer in his college. The long vacations of 1835 and 1836 were spent in exploring some of the wildest districts in Scotland. The journal of his tour in 1835 was printed at the desire of his friends for private circulation, and was reprinted with the subsequent journal of 1836 for public use in 1837. His poetic tastes induced him in 1842 to print a volume of original *Odes and Sonnets*, combined with translations from ancient authors, and a poetic version in the metre of the original of the first canto of Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*. The successful translation of one canto led him to attempt a version of the whole poem in the same metre. It was printed in 1851, and again in 1876. In 1870 he returned to the field of original poetry with a volume of *Home Recollections and Village Scenes*, the product of a cultivated mind and considerable poetic talent. So long as health permitted he was the warm supporter of every movement for the benefit of his parishioners.

NOTES OF TRAVEL.

As a fifty-third supplementary part of his *Mittheilungen* Dr. Petermann has published a translation of Colonel Przelysky's official report of his journey from Kulja across the Thian Shan to the Lob-nor and the Altyn-tagh, made in 1876-77, with its accompanying maps. In a preface the editor characterises this journey as the crowning one of all former explorations in Inner Asia. It joins our modern routes of exploration with those of Marco Polo of 600 years ago, and marks a line of knowledge through the hitherto most unknown region of the continent. Before its accomplishment all the great basin of the Lob-nor, surrounded by the highest mountains in the world, remained completely unexplored by any educated traveller. In this respect Przelysky's journey ranks with such famous exploits as the first crossing of Australia, the discovery of the Nile sources, or the tracing of the Congo. The report in itself has an interest for almost every branch of natural science.

ANOTHER important publication of the Egyptian General Staff—a *Report on the Province of Kordofan*, by Major H. Prout (Cairo, 1877)—has newly reached this country. The information it contains is systematically arranged under the heads of Geographical Limits, Topography, Inhabitants, Soil and Water Supply, and Climate. A number of special route-maps and a general map of the province are appended: the former are generally distinct and well-executed; but the latter has been very badly lithographed. All, however, have the great value of originality; they are from independent surveys, and rest on the basis of freshly-determined astronomical positions.

A CHARMING little *Visitors' Guide to Cannes and its Vicinity*, by F. M. S., with map and tables, has been issued by Mr. Stanford, of Charing Cross. Its author writes evidently from the most intimate knowledge of this winter resort, made famous by Lord Brougham, and has contrived to give his work a very many-sided interest. Here is one little fact, for example, that will interest smokers generally—that most of their briar-root pipes are from this neighbourhood:—

"The mountains round about [Cannes] are covered with a thick underwood of tall heath, the *Erica mediterranea*. This is grubbed up for the sake of the roots, which are brought down to saw-mills, of which there are several in the district. There, by steam machinery, the roots are cut roughly into shape, then boiled, dried, and otherwise prepared, and sent off to

Paris and other large towns, to be turned into neat pipes and fitted with amber mouth-pieces. The word 'briar' in the name is merely a corruption of *bruyère*, the French for heath."

We regret to hear that the General Missionary Committee of the United Free Methodist Churches have refused to allow the Rev. Thos. Wakefield, the well-known African missionary and traveller, who is just now in the Galla country, to undertake an expedition in the neighbourhood of Victoria Nyanza on behalf of the African Exploration Fund. This is the more to be regretted, as Mr. Wakefield is on the spot, and is eminently well qualified for the work, which, we believe, he was personally quite ready to undertake.

M. RAFFRAY, who has for some time been engaged in making investigations into the natural history of the northern portion of New Guinea, has returned to Paris, bringing with him some interesting and valuable collections. In the course of his labours M. Raffray has visited the Arfak tribes in the Dorei-Andai peninsula, and has studied the manners and customs of the Papuans at Amberbaki, in the interior, and in several islands of the Misori group.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

MR. TENNYSON'S stirring ballad, with which the *Nineteenth Century* opens, is an instance of how little alteration is required at the hands of a great poet to make Elizabethan prose into modern poetry. "The Revenge: a Ballad of the Fleet," is, as we all know, a poem on that unexampled battle which was fought by Sir Richard Grenville against the Spanish navy in 1590, and which many contemporary writers forthwith celebrated in prose and verse. Mr. Arber, in his invaluable series of reprints, has given us the versions of Sir W. Raleigh, of Gervase Markham (in verse), and of J. H. Linschoten, a Dutchman in the Spanish service; and with this reprint at hand it is as easy as it is interesting to compare the originals with the modern rendering. Gervase Markham's is perhaps one of the worst poems that ever was written, though, as Mr. Arber says, "it does certainly help us to realise the long duration of the fight;" it is Euphuism run mad, and it takes eighteen pages to describe, not the battle, but the discussion between Grenville and Middleton as to whether there shall be a battle at all! The Poet-Laureate's opening is one that remains with any one who has once read it:—

"At Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,
And a pinnace, like a flutter'd bird, came flying
from far away."

The pinnace is from Markham, for Raleigh describes Middleton, who brought the news, as being "in a verie good sailer." Here is Markham's account of the scene—a scene, it will be remembered, of hurry and stir, where not a moment is to be lost if Lord Thomas Howard's few ships are to get away safely:—

"In that same myd-daires hower came sayling in
A thought-swift-flying Pynnace, taught by wind,
T' outstrip in flight Time's euer-flying wing;
And being come where Vertue was inshrinde,
First vail'd his plumes, and wheeling in a ring,
With Goat-like dauncing, stays where Grinuile
shynd,
The whyle his great Commaunder calls the name
VWhich is ador'd of all that speakes the same."

The "adored name" is of course Grenville, of whom Linschoten speaks thus:—"He was a man very unquiet in his minde, and greatly affected to warre; . . . and was greatly feared and hated in these Islands, and knowne of every man, but of nature very seure, so that his own people hated him for his fiercenes, and spake very hardly of him." Mr. Tennyson, however, in the general course of his poem, follows neither Markham nor Linschoten, but almost entirely Raleigh; though with a fine instinct he has taken from Markham's poem the one or two vivid

touches by which its weary pages are lightened—e.g., “Sink we the ship, Master Gunner—sink her, split her in twain!” How close he keeps to Raleigh, generally speaking, may be seen from comparing such passages as the following:—

“In the meane while . . . the great *San Philip* being in the wind of him, and comming towards him, becalmed his sailes in such sort as the ship could neither way nor feele the helme; so huge and high charged was the Spanish ship, being of a thousand and five hundred tuns. Who afterlaid the *Revenge* aboord. . . . After the *Revenge* was intangled with this *Philip*, four other boorded her; two on her larboard, and two on her starboord. The fight thus beginning at three of the clocke in the afternoone, continued verie terrible all that evening. But the great *San Philip* having receyved the lower tire of the *Revenge*, discharged with crossebarshot, shifted herself with all diligence from her sides, utterly misliking her first entertainment.”

“Thousands of their soldiers look'd down from their decks and laugh'd,
Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad little craft,
Running on and on, till delay'd
By their mountain-like *San Philip*, that, of fifteen hundred tons,
And up-shadowing high above us with her yawning tiers of guns,
Took the breath from our sails and we stay'd.
And while now the great *San Philip* hung above us like a cloud
Whence the thunderbolt will fall
Long and loud,
Four galleons drew away
From the Spanish fleet that day,
And two upon the larboard and two upon the starboard lay,
And the battle-thunder broke from them all.
But anon the great *San Philip*, she bethought herself and went,
Having that within her womb that had left her ill-content.”

We doubt whether a better lesson in the art of poetical construction could be got anywhere than from a minute comparison of these two writings, the work, each of them, of a master of style.

The other articles in this number of the *Nineteenth Century* are mostly political, and distinguished as are the names they bear, it is not our business to notice them. The *Fortnightly* has also its fair share of political papers; but it contains besides two literary articles and Mr. Matthew Arnold's Royal Institution Lecture on “Equality.” This lecture, which made such an impression on those who heard it, will scarcely make less impression on those who read it, though it may seem to some to be too much like the voice of one crying in the wilderness. It would seem as though Mr. Arnold, having published his “complete” poems, and his “last essays” on religion, was now turning himself definitely to work out in the direction of practical politics the doctrines of which the outlines were laid down in *Culture and Anarchy*, and the religious determination of which was shown in *Literature and Dogma*. What the next step may be we cannot tell, but a theoretical demonstration of the beauty of social equality, and a practical exhortation to think over the laws of bequest and entail, is a good beginning. Mr. Arnold's text is that fragment of Menander, less well known than the other fragment about evil communications, “choose equality and flee greed”—*ἰσότητα δὲ πονοῦ καὶ πλεονεξίαν φύε*. Here is the opinion of a consummate critic of life, and of one whose parallel maxim, taken up by St. Paul, has become a commonplace of Christian morals. And yet, on the other hand, we have Lord Beaconsfield holding equality up to the reprobation of the Glasgow students, Mr. Froude doing the same to those of Edinburgh, and Mr. Lowe and Mr. Gladstone, in the midst of their passage of arms about the franchise, uniting to shower blows on “equality, poor thing.” To decide between Menander and modern English opinion we must look outside, to contemporary Europe, and ask what practical regulations,

embodied in law, tend in each country to promote equality or inequality. There is no difficulty in showing that not only in France, but in all the countries “where the community has a will of its own, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, the state of the law of bequest is such as to produce equality.” The same is our conclusion if we look to America and the English colonies, so that “the practical revolt against inequality, amongst so many people not so very much unlike ourselves,” becomes a notable phenomenon and one that tempts us to investigate the matter a little further. We need not quarrel about first principles, says Mr. Arnold, for he at least will not advocate equality on the basis of natural right. “It cannot be too often repeated—peasants and workmen have no natural rights, not one. Only we ought instantly to add that kings and nobles have none either. . . . The question is one of expediency.” It is in the tests of expediency which Mr. Arnold offers that he is most truly himself, and that he returns to the old lines which his writings of the last ten years have made so familiar. What, after all, ought a society to aim at—what kind of excellence? Not one kind alone; for perfection has for its factors many powers—the power of conduct, of beauty, of knowledge, of social life and manners. Now England, it will be admitted, in its devotion to conduct, has left the other “powers,” or factors, of perfection too much out of sight, and hence its proverbial failure, as a nation, in all those lines. How if it can be proved that France, when her upperclasses had once established a high standard of manners and social life, has been able to extend that standard by her legislation in favour of equality, just as the same legislation has made of her and of Belgium the countries where material well-being is most widely spread? How if it can be proved that the joy of life in France, the moral as well as physical *bien-être*, is directly traceable to social equality, while her “fearful troubles,” of which Sir Erskine May says so much, are as directly traceable to her neglect of those other factors of perfection—notably the factor of conduct—which all will admit to be still more important than the factor of social life and manners? How if, conversely, the English national vices, which drag us down so low, “materialising our upper class, vulgarising our middle class, brutalising our lower class,” are as directly traceable to the rules by which, long after its political *raison d'être* is gone, we keep up the inequalities that have been bequeathed to us by the Middle Ages? . . . We will not follow Mr. Arnold through his demonstration of all this. All who read it will recognise its importance, its force, will agree that “it is a matter for the thoughts of those who think,” and that the more people are set to think about it the better.

THE *Fortnightly* contains also a good paper on Lessing, by Mr. R. W. Macan, damaged a little perhaps, by the writer's ultra-Teutonic sympathies, but still a solid piece of work. Mr. Saintsbury's article on Théophile Gautier, in the same Review, is a more important piece of writing than either of his two former essays on Sandea or Cherbuliez, perhaps because Gautier is a more important and inspiring subject. The Sandea paper, at any rate, struck us as rather too ordinary in style and execution to satisfy the canons laid down by Mr. Saintsbury himself in the *Fortnightly* some time ago. The present paper, however, contains some extremely delicate and finely written criticism, a little “Corinthian” at times, sinning every now and then in the direction of “glitter without warmth, rapidity without care, effectiveness without charm,” but, in the main, worth reading and worth writing. Mr. Saintsbury's knowledge of modern French literature seems to be practically boundless, and this wide acquaintance of his enables him to give a book its proper place relatively to other books with singular felicity and precision. It may be added that this month's essay, besides a critical account of Gautier's novels in general, contains a transla-

tion “as nearly as possible *in extenso* of *La Morte Amoureuse*.”

IN the *Contemporary Review* Mr. Freeman has commenced his assault upon Mr. Froude's *Thomas à Becket*. The animosity which he contrives to throw into hostile criticism is such as will probably raise a feeling in favour of the victim of the attack. But it cannot be too widely known that in his main charge against Mr. Froude, of habitual inaccuracy, Mr. Freeman is entirely borne out by all competent investigators who have tested his work by the original authorities. Mr. Freeman does not seem to be aware, however, that Mr. Froude, with that thorough honesty of purpose which characterises him, has placed in the British Museum copies of the papers from Simancas on which a great part of his history of Elizabeth's reign was founded. On one occasion an enquirer, wishing to know whether it was really true that the Pope's complicity in the Ridolfi plot for the Queen's assassination was proved by the presence of the Papal Nuncio in the Council of State at Madrid, as Mr. Froude infers that it was, turned to the copy of the despatch on which the statement was based, and found that it contained most satisfactory evidence of the *absence* of the Nuncio on that occasion. It is quite right that it should be generally known that this is what writing history comes to in Mr. Froude's hands, and that he is entirely untrustworthy in his statement of facts, as well as in the inferences which he draws.

PARIS LETTER.

Paris: February 28, 1878.

Of late years the taste, or rather the passion, for handsome books, beautifully got-up, has rapidly increased. Ancient and rare works have risen to fabulous prices, and it is not unusual for a volume to fetch 1,000 or 2,000 francs. As for new books it is enough that they should be well got-up to secure their success; and I know publishers who will no longer bring out any but handsome editions, finding a better sale for them than for others.

It is due to the charming style in which he has brought them out that M. Lemerre has popularised our contemporary poets; that Sully Prudhomme, Coppée, Lemoyne, will find a place on the shelves of every library. The delightful editions of M. Jouast have formed a special library, justly called the *Librairie des Bibliophiles*. M. Fischbacher is becoming a rival of M. Lemerre, for he, too, is bringing out in the same size, 24mo Elzevir, a poetical library, some volumes of which are charming—for example, the *Poésies*, more witty than poetical, of Marc Monnier. There is also a delightful edition in 8vo *soleil*, in which M. Fischbacher has published the *Chanson de l'Enfant* of M. Aicard. One of the finest poetical works which he has yet published is the *Prométhée* of M. Grandmougin, which has just appeared. The stately legend of the stealer of fire, the Titan who rebelled against the gods while he civilised man, has fascinated many poets; and the loss of the first and third parts of the trilogy of Aeschylus has added still more to the provoking and mysterious charm of the legend. In these days, when the struggle of science against religious dogma is the characteristic of intellectual life, Prometheus ought to be the symbol and the hero of all those who desire to see humanity freed from the power of the supernatural, and the gods for ever driven from Olympus. The poem of M. Grandmougin is divided into four parts: to the three traditional parts, Prometheus the Fire-stealer, Prometheus Bound, Prometheus Delivered, he has added a fourth, the Temptation of Prometheus. Venus offers to the Titan eternal love if he will renounce his rebellion and his enmity. But Prometheus, hesitating for an instant, repulses the enchantress, declares that he will owe his liberty to none but

men, that he will love none but a daughter of men, and refuses even to notice the love of the unjust gods. At last men, or rather Titans, led by the Oceanides scale Mount Caucasus and deliver Prometheus. The drama closes with the apotheosis of humanity. M. Grandmougin's style is large, sonorous, and majestic, suitable to these ancient stories, and his lines are fine enough to invest with true novelty this well-worn subject. In closing the volume, if the man of letters is satisfied, the philosopher asks himself whether the defeat of the gods was truly the deliverance of humanity; is it not thus subjected to the harsh and inexorable laws of Nature, yet more unjust and pitiless than those of the gods?

The printing-house best known in Paris for beautiful work, where the finest of M. Lemerre's books have been printed, the *Maison Claye*, now under the direction of M. Quantin, has just begun to publish on its own account; and, as work for oneself is always still better done than work for others, it has just published some perfect gems. This firm has undertaken a collection of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the French classics, in small octavo, two volumes of which have already appeared, *Paul and Virginia*, by Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, and *Adolphe*, by Benjamin Constant, a deep and cruel psychological analysis, exposing the emptiness and the insecurity of an affection of which selfishness is the root. The *L'Amour et Psyché* of Apuleius has also just been published by the same firm in 32mo, with lovely blue borders, and illustrated by reproductions of paintings by Natoire. These books do more than please the eye; they are a real intellectual enjoyment. The value of choice and exquisite works is increased when they are read in these handsome editions; the language seems clearer and more flowing; the surroundings set off the work as the setting does the jewel; but there is some danger lest the setting should be more valued than the jewel—lest it should be thought that the style of publication makes the value of the book. There is more than one bibliophile in our own day who falls into this error.

M. Lévy cannot be accused of fostering such ideas. It would be impossible to publish books more carelessly got-up, as regards print, the quality of the paper, and even typographical accuracy. Happily the solid value of the books redeems the shabbiness of the dress in which they are presented to the public, as, for instance, the *Souvenirs et Mélanges* of the Comte d'Haussonville, where, side by side with some remarkable essays on Cavour, on the Congresses of Châlons and Vienna (1814 and 1815), we have a most graphic biography of the father of M. d'Haussonville, based on his own statements. He had emigrated during the Revolution, had fought against France, had returned under the Empire, and had accepted the post of Chamberlain to Napoleon. Successively a member of the Chamber of Peers during the Restoration and the Monarchy of July, he was a true specimen of that old French *noblesse* which, having neither by fortune nor intellect any special part to play in society, was compelled to cling to every power in order to retain a sense of its own importance. In reading the accounts of M. d'Haussonville we catch a glimpse of the gentle but frivolous spirit with which the emigrants bore their trials, singing the *Marseillaise* in the hearing of the astonished Germans, playing at prisoner's base on the English coast to dry themselves after a shipwreck, and later on laughing at the recitals of an old soldier who was gardener to the nobleman whom he had beaten and almost killed during the Dutch war.

M. Renan also has just published, under the title of *Histoire et Voyages*, a most interesting collection of articles which have appeared in various reviews at different times. Finally, M. Paul de Rémusat has given us another of his father's posthumous dramatic works, *Saint-Barthélemy. Abélard*, which appeared last year, may perhaps throw the present work somewhat into

the shade. Not only does it give us a picture of manners and events less familiar to us, not only does the love of Héloïse furnish a powerful dramatic element, but the struggles, the doubts, the sins and the sufferings of Abélard, that Faust of the twelfth century, had a wide philosophical bearing, and symbolised the efforts of the human soul in its search after truth. The *Saint-Barthélemy*, which is also a youthful production of Charles de Rémusat, is simply a series of historical scenes—it is history in the form of dialogue, and history as true, as exact as possible. If we look at it in this light, and ask for no more than the author has chosen to give, we shall greatly admire the delicacy with which he has developed the psychology of his characters, and the skill with which he has depicted them. The Massacre of St. Bartholomew has been a subject of discussion between Protestants and Catholics for three centuries. The former look on it as a crime, inspired by religion, planned long beforehand, and executed with premeditated and hypocritical violence. The advances made to Coligny and the heads of the Protestant party by Charles IX. were only traps to hide the atrocious projects of the Court. The Catholics, on the contrary, contend that the crime was purely political, that it was not premeditated, but that, after the attempt to murder of which Coligny had been the object, the Court, threatened by the Protestants with a new civil war, determined to prevent this by a general massacre. Charles IX. consented to it at the last moment, under the pressure of circumstances, and had formerly been quite sincere in his protestations of affection for Coligny. Men are beginning in our days to judge of things more calmly, and notwithstanding the impudence with which certain Catholic writers seek even now to justify the Saint Bartholomew, and to throw the whole responsibility of it on the Protestants, unprejudiced writers, such as M. J. Loiseleur, have treated the question from a truly historical point of view. They have demonstrated that if there had been a general premeditation, in the sense that the idea of getting rid of the Protestants by a general massacre had suggested itself more than once to Catherine de' Medici and the heads of the Catholic party, there had been no special premeditation in the sense that a plot had been formed for the occasion of the marriage of Henry of Navarre with Margaret, and that Charles IX. was sincere when he entered into Coligny's views with regard to a war against Spain and Flanders. But, on the other hand, there was nothing in the conduct of the Protestants to justify the Catholic attack, and the crime must have been preconcerted for the massacre to be accomplished with such fearful rapidity. The historical sense of M. de Rémusat had foreseen these results of modern criticism. The great merit of his books lies in their psychological truthfulness. Nothing is exaggerated, nothing is unduly blackened. Catherine de' Medici would have preferred gentle means, craft and policy; she had recourse to crime because her son was slipping through her fingers. Assassination was repugnant to Tavarne, but when he was once let loose he massacred with the rage of a wild beast, spurred on by monarchical and religious fanaticism. The Italian Gondi, Maréchal de Retz, is the only man who can look on the crime coolly, even gaily, as the most convenient mode of attaining his end and destroying his enemies. But it is the character of Charles IX. which above all is admirably drawn—that nature so violent, yet so weak, uncontrolled, brutal and self-deceived; who groaned under the yoke of his mother and brother; who entered with sincerity into the grand projects of Coligny, and felt himself a king; and who, but a few instants later, alarmed at once by the popularity of the Duke of Guise and the rebellious temper of the Protestants, is willing that every heretic shall be killed that not one may be left to reproach him for the crime.

The different types of Protestants are equally well drawn—those who thought of nothing but civil war, such as Montgommery; those who loved France and the king above all things, as Coligny; those who thought of nothing but pleasure, as La Rochefoucauld. In this drama religion holds the second place, and rightly so, for politics played the chief part in the crime. Besides, in the sixteenth century, except for some pure souls, such as the Bishop of Lisieux, Hennuyer, whom M. de Rémusat introduces on the scene, the Catholic religion was confounded with politics.

The Massacre of St. Bartholomew, like all atrocious and violent acts, did not in the least tend to establish peace and union in the country. It was the signal for a new civil war, and the demoralisation and weakness of France was its only result. Modern history is, moreover, filled with these bloody tragedies, which always defeat the designs of their authors, and never occur without weakening the vital force of the nation.

Much valuable instruction may be gathered on this subject from the new volume of M. Taine on *Les Origines de la France Contemporaine* (Hachette). The first, devoted to the *ancien régime*, had shown that in the eighteenth century the Government was in the hands of a Court and an aristocracy who were lost to all sense of their duty, and who thought of nothing but gossiping and amusing themselves. Every social tie was dissolved. At the first shock the whole building crumbled. It was no longer a question of reform, or even of revolution, it was one universal dissolution. In the present volume (*La Révolution*, I.) M. Taine shows that from the month of June, 1789, it was the mob that governed. It was they who hastened the formation of the Constituent Assembly; it was they who dictated to it the laws which it promulgated; it was they who carried out those laws without understanding them, or who violated them when they were no longer pleasing. To prove this statement M. Taine has searched innumerable unpublished documents in the archives of Paris and of the departments. He proves that from the meeting of the States-General security nowhere existed, murders were committed with impunity, castles were burnt, and the general disorder produced a famine. He analyses with remarkable power the imprudence of the Assembly in destroying at one blow those secular abuses to which were attached secular rights, and even society itself, and in creating, according to *a priori* ideas without regard to tradition or to fact, at a time when every passion and every feeling of hatred was stirred up, a machinery of government which might perhaps have suited perfect beings, but which could only work by the universal goodwill of the people. Thus there is nothing more curious than to see with what a lack of intelligence the new laws were applied, or rather were everywhere violated. The free circulation of grain had been ordered; the ignorant populace forestalled the order, and stole the grain for fear of famine. Trade ceased; this was laid to the charge of the wealthy and the nobles, who were robbed or murdered. The madness and fury of the populace increased with the increase of misery and famine. M. Taine has painted in burning colours this *crescendo* of misery and of crime, each produced by the other, which plunged the whole of society into a vertigo of madness and terror. If his object was to explain why the Constitution of 1791 could not endure, why constitutional monarchy was not established then, why the Revolution of 1789 led France by an inexorable fate first into a reign of terror and then into despotism, he has succeeded admirably.

But it seems as though M. Taine intended to do more than this by giving his book the title of *Les Origines de la France Contemporaine*, and we expected more from him. We could have wished that he had told us what was new in the social and political conception of the Constituent As-

sembly and of the men of that day, which of these novelties were but passing errors, and which on the contrary have become the heritage by which we live to-day—in a word, what the Constituent Assembly accomplished for the future. Further, we could have wished that M. Taine had shown us how its reforms were welcomed in France, why they excited such enthusiasm, why the Revolution exerted so powerful an influence on foreigners. All this is wanting in his book. All the dark shadows of the picture are there, but the picture itself is very incomplete—only the reverse of the medal is shown us. The justification which might be urged for the rioters of 1790 is also wanting in M. Taine's work. He makes it appear that all the nobles were liberal, humane, and full of good intentions; but the projects formed to arrest the Revolution, the threats put forth each day, the continual fear in which the people lived of losing the new blessings which they enjoyed—all this is passed over in silence.

M. Taine has considered events from an outside point of view, and this he has worked out and brought into relief with his whole logical force and his incomparable descriptive power. Thoughtful, calm, large-minded men will find in his books useful lessons and facts of intense interest; but the mass of the public will find there one thing only—an entirely unfavourable picture of the Revolution of 1789. They will cast the book aside, or unduly exalt it, according to their own feelings. It will pass, though wrongly, for a reactionary pamphlet.

Since we are on the subject of the eighteenth century, let me mention the excellent edition of the *Lettres de Mdlle. du Châtelet*, the friend of Voltaire and of St. Lambert (Charpentier), which M. Asse has just brought out. M. Asse has already published, with no less care, the letters of Mdlle. de Lespinasse and of Mdlle. Aissé. G. MONOD.

SELECTED BOOKS.

General Literature.

BRASSEY, Mrs. A Voyage in the *Sunbeam*. Longmans. 21s.
BROWN, R. The Great Dionysiak Myth. Vol. II. Longmans. 12s.
MOFFAT, R. S. The Economy of Consumption: an omitted Chapter in Political Economy. C. Kegan Paul & Co. 18s.
JACQUEMANT'S History of Furniture, ed. Mrs. F. Bury Palliser. Chapman & Hall. 31s. 6d.
STEVENS, H. The Bibles in the Caxton Exhibition, 1877. Stevens. 7s. 6d.
ZIMMERN, Helen. Lessing: His Life and his Works. Longmans. 10s. 6d.
History, &c.

CALVI, F. Curiosità storiche e diplomatiche del secolo XVIII. Milano: Hoepli. L. 10.

COOTE, H. C. The Romans of Britain. F. Norgate. 12s.

LONGNON, A. Géographie de la Gaule au VI^e siècle. Paris: Hachette. 15 fr.

Physical Science and Philosophy.

CHEVREUL, E. Résumé d'une histoire de la matière, depuis les philosophes grecs jusqu'à Lavoisier inclusivement. Paris: Firmin Didot.

DANA, E. S. Text-book of Mineralogy. Trübner. 25s.

PICET, R. Mémoire sur la liquéfaction de l'oxygène, la liquéfaction et la solidification de l'hydrogène et sur les théories des changements des corps. Neuchâtel: Sandoz. 2 M. 50 Pf.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE PRINCIPLES OF PHONETIC SPELLING.

25 Argyll Road, Kensington: March 7, 1878.

Owing to the delay which has accidentally occurred in my reply to Mr. Nicol's letter in the ACADEMY of Jan. 5, p. 12, Mr. Sweet's letter has also appeared (ACADEMY, Jan. 26, p. 78). I have therefore taken the opportunity to alter some portions of my reply.

Mr. Sweet's errors in respect to Palaeotype and Glossic were not committed casually. That respecting Palaeotype referred to a system of writing which he says that he had worked practically, and from which he owns that he had borrowed largely, and yet he shows himself ignorant of the principles on which its notation was constructed. Those principles of course could not be such as Mr. Melville Bell and Mr. Sweet published after my

paper on Palaeotype (read December 16, 1866) appeared in the *Transactions* of the Philological Society for 1867. That respecting Glossic occurs in a "detailed comparison of Glossic and Romic," and shows that his professed careful study had not enabled him even to master its principles, much less its details, while his present letter shows that he is still ignorant of them. But I should not have complained so much of his errors if he had not made them the ground of very sweeping censure. It is hard to be condemned for a critic's own mistakes. Mr. Nicol's argument raises a new issue as to the principles of phonetic spelling, with which, therefore, I head this communication, and to which I shall confine my subsequent remarks.

The "fundamental principles of phonetic spelling, without which," according to Mr. Nicol, using his own italics, "it is not phonetic," namely "(1), the same symbol always represents the same sound, within the limits of accuracy aimed at," a nullificatory proviso, and "(2) the same sound is always represented by the same symbol" (the same proviso being understood), apply, with the proviso, much more strictly to Glossic than to "broad Romic." Yet take the limits of the proviso to be the "closest appreciable limits," and phonetic spelling rapidly breaks down. Theoretically the principles cannot be carried out at all; for the infinite varieties of sound heard in "glides" cannot be more than roughly indicated. It is only by making the limits very wide indeed that phonetic spelling becomes practicable. No system, not even Palaeotype, or Visible Speech, or Mr. Sweet's complete Romic, can teach the pronunciation of any sentence in any language, without much special instruction for the peculiar habits of that language. It is only the symbols of the "talking phonograph" (see *Nature* for Thursday, January 3) that utter themselves; and if they do so with anything like the degree of accuracy reported, they put all phonetic writing to "open and apparent shame." The principle of the phonograph is also the only correct acoustical principle—namely, to represent the compound vibrations of air actually produced, and not the physiological actions by means of which they are generated. With such a machine it is possible to represent permanently and reproduce mechanically any series of spoken sounds, even those of glides. But by the process of writing and speech, both of which have to be acquired mechanically, and both of which consequently differ within wide limits—for our spoken sounds have all the distinctive individuality of our written characters—we can only hope even with the greatest care to come within a considerably wide margin of the truth, and, with such a small amount of care as would render the scheme efficient for daily use, we must make the margin very wide indeed.

In my Glossic I have endeavoured not only to keep this practical margin constantly before me, but have essayed to work upon new principles, giving a considerable degree of latitude and also of power, never before attempted, and certainly not appreciated by either Mr. Sweet or Mr. Nicol. First, I have used the principle of "combinations," by which I at once appropriated the principles of the ancient syllabaries, the natural parents of alphabetic writing. This is, that the same "combination of signs" (not the same sign) should represent the same "combination of sounds" (not the same sound), and conversely, wherever they occurred. The next was the principle of "alternatives," which was forced upon me, especially as regards received English speech, by actual usage. This is:—

"Where two or more sounds are habitually used without discrimination, or reprobation, in the same part of the same word, by different speakers, or by the same speaker at different times, employ a spelling which indicates that any one of these alternative pronunciations may be used."

It stands to reason that the alternative spelling must *not* be used where no alternative pronun-

cation is permissible. Thus it would not be permissible in Glossic to write *ergenst*, *soaf*, *faadha* for *against*, *sofa*, *father* (as Mr. Sweet suggests—*Handbook*, p. 204—in opposition to my principles, for which he has substituted his own incorrect conclusions), because these would imply the alternative pronunciations *u'genst*, *soaf'r*, *faadha'*, which are inadmissible. It is quite admissible in private MSS. to write *ugenst*, *soafu*, *faadhu*, because these imply received pronunciations, and are not alternative. But for that reason I should object to them in printed books, unless the author wished to emphasise his own peculiarities, because there the alternative character should be shown, and hence I generally print *agenst* (or *agai'nst*), *soaf'a*, *faad'hər*, which give the alternative pronunciations *a'genst*, *soaf'a*, *faad'hər'* (where *a'* is the fine *a* in *ask*), while it excludes the others implied by Mr. Sweet's travesty of my spelling, because they may not be used. All this is distinctly laid down, enforced, and exemplified in my *Pronunciation for Singers*, published last July, and my *Speech in Song*, published in February.

Now these, I apprehend, are really phonetic principles. A person cannot be taught to read intelligently from Glossic books without having them constantly instilled into him by the teacher, who would question him about them, especially when he came to write, and elicit from him why he writes *soaf'a* and not *soafu*, *soafar*, *soaf'er*, *soafur*. Without a knowledge thus acquired of course the writer might use any of the four last symbols. If he did, the master would immediately call him to task, and then the pupil would find how books printed in Glossic gave him information respecting alternative pronunciations, which he could never have evolved from his own consciousness, because they are what Prof. Clifford (in a remarkable paper in the last number of *Mind*) calls "ejects," previously existing only in the consciousness of others.

Actual work on phonetics for more than thirty years has very slowly brought me to this conclusion as to the practical character of phonetic writing. The principles laid down by Messrs. Sweet and Nicol remind me of those with which I began. Commencing phonetic work, as they did, with the advantage of the long elaboration which produced Mr. Melville Bell's Visible Speech, they started of course with much more phonetic knowledge than I possessed when I wrote my *Alphabet of Nature* in 1844 (probably before they could utter any words at all), but I was then as confident in the necessity of uncompromisingly carrying out such principles as I have quoted from Mr. Nicol, as they can be now. If they live another thirty years (which they may well see, though I shall long have ceased to speak and hear by that time), they may perhaps come to similar conclusions.

ALEXANDER J. ELLIS.

THE LAKE COUNTRY OF ENGLAND.

Ullswater: March 2, 1878.

Not a little interest is excited in various quarters at present in connexion with the scheme of Manchester to gain entire possession of Thirlmere in order to draw from that little lake both its own supply of water and the supply which it sells to neighbouring Lancashire townships. The Manchester Corporation and people are quite enamoured of their Thirlmere scheme; and nothing will convince them that there is any truth in the opposing allegation that they can only get bad water from that lake, and at an enormous expense. The ideas have fairly taken possession of their minds that lake water is the liquor for them; that it can be supplied to them easily; and that, probably by disposing of it to their neighbours, they may get their own water for nothing, or at least at a very cheap rate. There is quite an enthusiasm in Manchester on this subject; and Mr. Bateman, their

great engineer, even talks of getting hold of Ullswater also.

On the other hand, among the proprietors of the Lake district, and with certain classes throughout England, there is quite another kind of excitement about the scheme, and a great deal of enthusiasm against it. In the first place, there is much suspicion as to the propriety of allowing any tampering with the character of the Lake region—the only district now remaining in England where, on anything like a great scale, Nature is to be seen in its primitive simplicity. The Manchester scheme is specially objected to on the grounds that it involves the raising of Thirlmere fifty feet and the giving to Manchester not only complete command of the shores of that piece of water, but also of its entire watershed, as is proved by the Bill which has been introduced into Parliament. A supplementary objection has been raised by various proprietors whose property will be interfered with by the construction of the aqueduct required to convey the immense quantity of fifty millions of gallons daily from Thirlmere to the Lancashire capital. The opposition to the Manchester scheme has given rise to a "Thirlmere Defence Association," and it is sympathised with and ardently supported by many lovers of Nature throughout the country, including distinguished men of letters such as Mr. Carlyle. The dispute is a very pretty one as it stands. Manchester accuses the opponents of the scheme of being actuated by sentimental considerations; and the opponents of the scheme accuse Manchester of a base desire to get its water for nothing, and of demanding more water when it has already more than it can use for ten years to come.

Thirlmere has hardly the dignity of being a lake. Most, if not all, of the lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland were originally *meres*, an Anglo-Saxon word obviously existing in Latin and other languages.

"Delicious Grasmere's calm retreat
And stately Windermere I greet,"

said Cumberland, in his "Ode to the Sun," of the largest and of one of the smallest of the English lakes. Besides these two, we have still Thirlmere, Buttermere, and Rydalmer. The word *mere*, however, has in some instances been superseded by that of *Water*. Half a century ago Ullsmere was the name for one of the largest and grandest of the lakes; but now that lake is usually called Ullswater, the first syllable being the Celtic *uille*, or "elbow," from the turn which the lake takes at Hallin Fell; and we have also Wastwater, Coniston Water, Haweswater, and several more Waters. There are also tarns—such as Red Tarn on Helvellyn, and Sprinkling Tarn in Borrowdale—which hardly attain the distinction of being either *meres* or *waters*, and much less of being lakes.

Thirlmere is too large to be called a tarn, yet it has scarcely the dignity of being a lake. It is not well known, though thousands of tourists pass it every season on their way from Keswick to Grasmere, Ambleside, and Windermere. Indeed, I have heard tourists who must have passed it more than once declare their ignorance of its existence, though the coach-road runs along its eastern shore. Two small inns, at Whiteside and Wythburn, are patronised chiefly by pedestrians who wish to make the ascent of Helvellyn, and other houses are few. Yet those who take up their residence at Thirlmere will find that it has wonderful attractions of its own. The scenery has a somewhat bare but sublime aspect, increased by the gigantic masses of Helvellyn rising immediately above it, and of Blencathra at a greater distance, but softened by wood towards the upper end of the mere. One or two fine precipices rise up from this narrow sheet of water, which is only two and a-half miles in length; and we can feel there, with Wordsworth, the silence that there is amid the hills.

Thirlmere at present lies undisturbed in its primitive simplicity and sublimity; and even the most ardent supporters of the Manchester scheme must admit that if the project were carried out it would make a great difference in the appearance of that now-secluded piece of water. It is proposed to throw a large embankment across the foot of the lake, and the raising of its level fifty feet will about double the extent of its surface. It is proposed by Manchester to make the embankment "ornamental" and adorned with a picturesque tower, but it is evident that such things would alter the present character of the scene. Ornaments of the kind can be got up anywhere easily enough; but the simple sublimity and beauty of Thirlmere have been created by the hand of Nature, and are much more easily destroyed than ornamented by the hand of man. One effect of raising the level of the water to the height proposed would be to submerge a number of bays with rocky headlands, picturesque with dwarf trees, ferns, and wild flowers. But, still worse, the raising of the level is intended for storing water in the winter season, when most rain falls, in order that there may be a supply for summer, so that at the very season when tourists visit the Lake country we should have Thirlmere decreased nearly to its present level, and presenting, instead of a shore of green meadows, a hideous belt of slimy mud and decaying vegetation. For this, and similar reasons, a great many people throughout England take an interest in opposing the Thirlmere scheme.

On the other hand it is very difficult to make out what reason Manchester has for its demand for more water. At present that city and all the townships which it supplies use only between seventeen and eighteen millions of gallons daily. It has already a supply of between twenty-four and twenty-five millions of gallons daily, and several more millions of gallons daily are about to be supplied to it by the new works, nearly completed, at Denton and Audenshaw. Practically, then, Manchester has nearly double the quantity of water which it requires at present, and enough to serve it for ten years to come, even if it and all the townships it supplies continue to increase in population as they have been doing. This side of the subject, so far as I am aware, has not been met by the Manchester Corporation; for it is evident that interference with the Lake district is only tolerable on the supposition that it has become a real necessity to draw water from that district. The Bill introduced into Parliament by Manchester has been referred to a special and what is called a Hybrid Committee, with power to hear the petitioners against the Bill, whether they appear themselves or by counsel, and to enquire generally into the whole subject. Its Report will be looked for with great interest, for there are hundreds of thousands of people in England who would be extremely sorry to see any tampering permitted with the natural features of the beautiful mountain-district of England. Thirlmere should be dear to English men of letters. On its shore there is the "Rock of Names" (which the Manchester scheme would submerge), where Wordsworth and Coleridge with their dearest friends were wont to meet, on which their names are still inscribed, and which gave occasion to one of Wordsworth's smaller poems; and it has also been beautifully described in the opening and sad closing pages of Arnold's *Oakfield: or, Fellowship in the East*.

ANDREW WILSON.

GRIMM'S LAW.

Brixton: March 5, 1878.

The nature of the recent discussion on the above subject in the ACADEMY seems to call upon me for a few words of reply.

1. A well-known and justly-admired article by Karl Verner ("Eine Ausnahme der ersten Lautverschiebung," *Kuhn's Z.-S.*, xxiii., 97-130) has been mentioned in terms which imply that the

results therein arrived at are hostile—perhaps fatally hostile—to the hypothesis of the Law which I have endeavoured to sketch out. But this I am hardly prepared to admit. Indeed, if the article had not reached me just too late, I should have tried to show how easily its essential facts fall into their place in my scheme, with no great disturbance of the latter.

But those facts must be distinguished from their interpretation. This is, of course, determined by the fundamental hypothesis of "Grimm's Law" which Verner adopts. What he has demonstrated is that where a primitive (I-E.) *tenuis* was not immediately preceded by the accent, there, in L. G., a *media* appears instead of a *spirant*. With this phenomenon a second is inseparably coupled—namely, the appearance of the voiced sibilant *z* (often subsequently rhotacised) in answer to a primitive *s*; and this, too, is shown to depend, in just the same way, upon the original position of the accent.

Now, in the case of the sibilant, no two interpretations are admissible; but in the case of the *mutes* Verner requires us to assume that the *tenuis* was first correctly *verschoben* to the voiceless *spirant*; and that from this, through the voiced *spirant*, it ultimately passed to the *media*; so that the assumed line of debilitation is represented by the following three series:—

k, [χ, h], g: t, [p, ȫ], d: p, [f, v], b.

But here all that we are absolutely certain about are the two extremes of each series; the three pairs of means are interpolations supposed to be (though perhaps not really) necessary in order to adjust Verner's conclusions to his fundamental hypothesis. The hypothesis I have ventured to sketch out certainly requires none of them. Throwing back, as it would, the origin of the main phonetic characteristics of the German (no less than the Classical) dialects to primitive times, it would derive these abnormal *mediae* directly from the corresponding primitive *tenuis*.

Now, Verner himself admits, and is bound to admit, that the motive-power, instigating to the changes he assumes, existed previously to the first of these changes, and may very well have belonged to the parent speech. Consequently, the alternative interpretation I have suggested only further requires that such motive-power should not merely have existed, but have operated; in other words, that the ancestors of the Low Germans in the Hothethins preserved the primitive *tenuis* when it was protected by the accent, but, naturally enough, allowed it when unprotected to sink to the *media*. The whole exception would thus fall under the case provided for in my last Appendix, where it is suggested that aspiration of the parent *tenuis* may, in some cases, have been forestalled by previous voicing. The principal correction required in the body of my book is in the section on the "Exceptions." Instead of the abnormal L. G. *media* being due to "retention of the *tenuis*" on the part of H. G., this retention should itself be treated as "conditioned" by the previous evolution of the aforesaid *media*.

My interpretation, I am bold enough to think, is not without its recommendations. Thus, it introduces no sounds but those of whose existence we are perfectly sure. It restores phonetic proportion (which means parity of change) between the *mutes* and the *sibilants*; for now

as s : z :: k : g :: t : d :: p : b.

And hence, reversely, it avoids the incongruous effects which, on the other view, would have to be attributed to one and the same cause operating simultaneously on similar materials. For the first supposed change (*t* to *p*, &c.) is absolutely independent of the accent, which, in any position, is powerless to prevent it; at the next stage the accent becomes conservative, and *p* (say) passes to *ȫ* only when not immediately governed by it; lastly, in the case of the voiced spirants, the (transposed) accent is represented as an active modifier, causing them to close up into *mediae*; whereas, in the

case of the sibilant, it is even, in many instances, unable to prevent the further opening-out of *z* into *r*.

I am aware that Verner starts by asserting that these German mediae "cannot" come direct from the primitive tenues—an assertion which would exclude from the older German linguistic area one of the best-known forms of phonetic debilitation. But the reason assigned (viz., that such a change would contravene the main course of the *Lautverschiebung*), if it does not beg the whole question at issue, nevertheless seems to me wide of the mark. For the very characteristic of the phenomenon under discussion is that it is *exceptional*: why then force it under the rule? A cause which, on Verner's hypothesis, must long have lain latent, and which, when it awoke to activity, is supposed to have effected a series of changes all differing *inter se*, could certainly, and much rather, by operating earlier, have effected the single and simple change I have suggested. And this is equally true if, with the current hypothesis, we suppose the Germans to have carried the primitive tenues with them into a common *Grundsprache*.

The chronological difficulty (if it is such) involved in the one view is not much greater than that involved in the other; for it might easily be shown that Verner's scheme throws back his L. G. *Verschiebung* to a very remote antiquity. But I confine myself to the single point of interpretation. If on this also Verner prove to be right, his in other respects admirable article will be simply perfect.

2. I have now to admit a discrepancy in expression, though not in intention, between sec. 2 and other parts of my *Study*. In the former I appear to assert the absolutely exact phonetic equivalence of all the corresponding mutes in the principal I-E. mate-systems; whereas further on the non-equivalence of the later and diversely-developed values of some of the sounds is insisted on over and over again. But, I believe, it is assumed even by the current hypothesis of Grimm's Law, that the L. G. sounds were *originally* both meant and actually felt to be exact reproductions of the Cl. sounds, and the H. G. similarly of the L. G.; to which I add the suggestion that the H. G. system was once much more nearly perfect than at the late period when it comes to the front: so that, from this point of view, I am (so to say) morally right even in sec. 2. But, having thus struck the keynote of my main theme, I forthwith set aside perfect systems and abstract reasoning, and only thereafter recur to them in so far as reasoning on the concrete leads me up into contact or approximate contact with them. Nevertheless, an author scarcely has the right to throw upon his readers the trouble of interpreting one part of his book by another.

3. In turning for a moment to the remarks (so far as they affect myself) of the writer who has favoured us with his views in the last two numbers of the ACADEMY, I propose to assume that he has not really done me the honour of glancing over my *Study*. By this pleasant fiction I shall, I trust, escape all temptation to imitate any of the various epithets and exclamations that he himself so liberally flings about on all sides. In particular, it will allow me to regard as a merely superfluous diversion (rather than in any severer way) his reproduction, in substance, of certain points which I have specially elaborated, in such a connexion that he actually makes as though he would hack me down with my own sword. Foremost among those points comes that diversity in the value of the aspirate in various I-E. dialects which forms the main subject of his first letter, and as to which see my *Study*, secs. 33-35, *et passim*. Even his "tertium-quid" formulations occur more than once in secs. 44-45, except that *Haspirate* and *Ard* do not represent my spelling. Nor, as my Index will show, have the relationship between the aspirates and spirants, and the nature of the old Sanskrit aspirates, escaped sufficient discussion. It is to be presumed, too, that my explanation of the aforesaid diversity is

at least feasible, seeing that our critic himself also makes use, in his second letter, of the principle underlying it: anyhow, a continual reference to the changes which sounds of one language or dialect may undergo on being taken up by another, is a marked and essential feature of my hypothesis. The special illustrations of this principle adduced in the third paragraph of his second letter suggest a sufficient answer to his imaginary interlocutors in the second paragraph. The well-known Welsh peculiarity, for instance, is a definite, regular, and continuous differentiation, which may be traced back for centuries; and those who exhibit it are no doubt under the impression that they are honestly reproducing the correct English mediae. What this, therefore, "proclaims" simply is, that "inability to pronounce" and "linguistic consciousness" do not exhaust all possible alternatives. There is such a thing as unconscious dissimilation; in virtue whereof the speakers of one language or dialect, while imagining that they reproduce the sounds of a contiguous language or dialect, do actually produce only some more or less remote approximations thereto. And there are no limits to the time during which this process may remain active, provided only that the two languages or dialects maintain pretty nearly the same relationship to each other. Hence the supposed proofs that "H. G. forms are recent," rather indicate the existence, from an indefinite antiquity, of a differentiation of the kind just described between that dialect and L. G. (*Study*, especially sec. 54, *h*, *i*).

The class to which our critic's own conjecture belongs is a very familiar one. I have had a word or two to say thereupon in secs. 9, 10. From the facility with which such conjectures may be turned out, there is no reason why we should not have any number of them, all with pretty nearly equal claims to acceptance. You have only to select some race, cognate or alien, whose language, by a miraculous coincidence, exhibits a consonant or two like those of the Germans, and with whom you proceed (on paper) to mingle this people. Beginning, then, with "I can imagine," you pile on whatever you choose to think "may have" occurred; and the final result is something you can smile on with a truly parental complacency.

Now, I feel sensibly enough the difficulties presented by the O. H. G. mute-system. Still I doubt if anybody who has looked at the problem before us on all sides will be found to maintain that that system represents aught else than either an imperfectly-evolved or a partially-deranged repetition of the phenomenon presented by the L. G. system. The relationship of the former to the latter, and that of the latter to the Cl. system, are too completely unique in their nature and resemblance to be attributed to more than a single cause, much less to a succession of diverse accidents. To cut off a corner of the problem, or to account for odd sounds, is of little use. This is why I have insisted, perhaps even too strongly, on attention to the distribution of the sounds as constituting the very essence of Grimm's Law. In treating of this I have really aimed at something beyond—namely, to establish the general doctrine that such symmetrical and harmonious phonetic relationships (at least on a large scale) are due to the action one upon another of commingled or contiguous dialects. If I ever return to the subject, I hope to be able to strengthen both this general doctrine and the particular suggestion I have advanced respecting the original character of the H. G. system.

T. LE M. DOUSE.

"MARMORNE."

London: March 2, 1878.

I have no alterations to make in my review of *Marmorne*, nor do I think it necessary to enter into public controversy with aggrieved novelists on such subjects as "literary conveniences" and the classification of novels. But is Mr. Adolphus

Segrave, of Boisvipère, quite sure that he does well to be angry? I gave him, as I thought, and as I find other people think, a decidedly favourable notice, and because it was not undiluted panegyric he informs me that I am an indelicate and deluded person, who does not know that there are two kinds of novels. I fear I must recommend to him the perusal of the earlier chapters of *Gil Blas*. His attitude towards his critics strongly recalls that of a certain Archbishop.

As to matters of fact, Mr. Segrave has invented a delusion for me. I am quite aware of the regulations as to *quotité*; but I was not aware that "extenuating circumstances" and "acquittal" went together. "Circumstances atténuantes," I believed, presuppose a verdict of guilty, and only mitigate its effects in a certain regulated manner. Curiously enough, there is, I think, a "delusion" in England that extenuating circumstances amount to a kind of "not guilty, but don't do it again;" and therefore I noticed what seemed to me a symptom of this delusion. If Mr. Segrave can set me right about this, I shall accept his correction much more gratefully than he has accepted my remarks on the inadequacy of the characters in *Marmorne*.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, March 11.—5 P.M. London Institution: "Analogies of Plant and Animal Life," by F. Darwin.
8 P.M. Society of Arts (Cantor Lecture): "Application of Photography to the Production of Printing Surfaces and Pictures in Pigments," by T. Bolas.
8.30 P.M. Geographical: "On the Magnetism of the Earth," by Capt. F. J. O. Evans, R.N.
TUESDAY, March 12.—3 P.M. Royal Institution: "Protoplasmic Theory of Life," by Prof. A. H. Garrod.
8 P.M. Anthropological Institute: "Natural Language of the Deaf and Dumb," by Prof. A. Graham Bell.
8 P.M. Civil Engineers: "On Railway Appliances at the Philadelphia Exhibition," by Douglas Galton.
8 P.M. Photographic: "Fading of Carbon Prints, and Carbon Printing, without the Use of Bichromates," by Dr. Van Monckhoven.
WEDNESDAY, March 13.—3 P.M. Royal Literary Fund: Anniversary.
8 P.M. Graphic.
8 P.M. Society of Arts: "Further Remarks on Lightning Rods," by Dr. R. J. Mann.
THURSDAY, March 14.—3 P.M. Royal Institution: "Chemistry of the Organic World," by Prof. Dewar.
7 P.M. London Institution.
8 P.M. Mathematical: "On Bessel's and Laplace's Function," by Prof. T. K. Clifford; "On the electrical Capacity of a long narrow Cylinder, and of a Disk of sensible Thickness," by Prof. J. Clerk-Maxwell.
8 P.M. Historical: "Historical MSS. Commission: I. The Anglo-Saxon Period," by G. L. Gomme; "Ancient and Modern Political History," by Dr. R. S. Guttridge.
8.30 P.M. Royal. An Inquiries.
FRIDAY, March 15.—8 P.M. Philological: "On the practical Study of Language," by H. Sweet.
8 P.M. Society of Arts (Indian Meeting): "Colonisation of Hill Districts in India," by Lieut.-Gen. McMurdo.
9 P.M. Royal Institution: "Explanation of certain Acoustical Phenomena," by Lord Rayleigh.
SATURDAY, March 16.—3 P.M. Royal Institution: "Natural History of the Ancients," by the Rev. W. Houghton.
3 P.M. Physical: "Transmission of Sound through Copper Wires," by Mr. Millar; "Thermo-Electric Currents in Wires subjected to mechanical Strain," by G. W. von Tunzelmann.

SCIENCE.

The Voyage of the "Challenger."—The Atlantic.
A Preliminary Account of the General Results of the Exploring Voyage of H.M.S. *Challenger*, during the Year 1873 and the early Part of the Year 1876. By Sir C. Wyville Thomson. Published by Authority of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty. (London: Macmillan & Co., 1877.)

A FEELING of regret comes into the mind after reading and studying these handsome volumes. For, while the author enlists our sympathies by having sacrificed the comforts of home and endured the discomforts of ship-board, and to a certain extent disarms criticism, it is unfortunately evident that this work had better not have been

written. Published "by authority," and professing to be a preliminary account of the general results of the great expedition, which was sent forth to bring to light the deposits on the floor of the abyssal seas, to examine into the movements of the ocean, and to solve some problems regarding the distribution of animals and plants, the volumes should be of the highest scientific value, and should contain a careful *résumé* of the work done under the very able commanders of the *Challenger*. This is not the character of the work, and really the task of reviewing it is not pleasurable. Occasional paragraphs indicate that Sir Wyville Thomson can write with elegance and feeling, but, as a whole, the work is defective in its literary merits. It is, moreover, a curious jumble of the records of first-class nautical observations, of admirable natural-history work, of chemical analyses, and of feeble descriptions of scenery and adventure. The observations of the soundings and temperatures are, of course, due to Sir George Nares and his assistants; the high-class biology is by Moseley, the late Von Willemoes-Suhm, and Mr. Murray; the chemistry is the legacy of Mr. Buchanan, "worked up," as the slang is, by Prof. Brazier; and the rest is the offering to science of the Director himself—and not quite "a free-will offering," for the volumes are tolerably costly.

After the country had expended the best part of 70,000*l.* on this great expedition, and had given the Director a credit, amounting to 5,000*l.* a year, for publication purposes, the public had a right to expect a first-class preliminary work, at a very moderate price. Certainly the scientific world had a right to anticipate a work worthy of the reputation of a distinguished scientist. The disappointment is grievous. The book has not even the merit of the priority of its contents. The best part of the scientific work has already appeared in the *Proceedings* and *Transactions* of learned societies, and the adventures on land, of the mildest description, have ornamented the pages of a serious magazine which is celebrated for its religious romances. The work was issued to the public late in last year, but its Preface bears the date January 2, 1877, so that there was abundant opportunity for correcting mistakes in natural-history subjects, and for finding out the results of the work of contemporaries. That some revision was attempted, we may glean by the introduction of a criticism regarding "some ingenious theories" which have been proposed to account for the oceanic circulation. Made in the worst taste, this sneering attack on Dr. Carpenter has been universally condemned; and, therefore, it is to be regretted that the lapse of nearly a year did not calm the dogmatic temper which appears to afflict the author.

The first part of the work contains a description of the *Challenger*, and of the scientific appliances; and those which were invented and used by Mr. Buchanan are exceedingly clever and interesting. After many pages, the results of some dredgings are given, and then, the real work of the expedition having commenced, we begin to study the Director's preliminaries.

We learn that the Gasteropoda "include the great mass of the Mollusca of the present time—for example, the whelk, the periwinkle, and the garden snail"—that many have thick and massive shells of carbonate of lime, "secreted from the sea-water;" and that most live on the bottom of the sea, as their organisation demands. Then our old friend *Carinaria*, known to Lamarck, is presented to notice; but it will puzzle the initiated to find its shell, so badly is the creature drawn. Geologists will now learn that *Euomphalus* and *Bellerophon* shells "sometimes go far to make up whole beds of limestone of the Silurian and Carboniferous periods," for the impression has been that they go a very little way. A pretty paragraph introduces the Pteropoda to notice, but the fact that pteropod marls are well known to geologists has escaped the memory of the author, who has moreover drawn a *Clio* with a shell. *Clio* has no shell. Not having come across anything new, we persevere with the book, and come to a fine sprawling amphipod crustacean, described years ago, with a great mass of faceted eyes on the carapace on either side. Sir Wyville, ever on the alert for the discovery of the oldest forms of life amid the recent fauna, is reminded of the resemblance of these eyes to those of *Aegina* among the Trilobites. Any palaeontologist who comprehends the relation of the eyes of Trilobite "to the cephalic shield and the facial suture" will be under the impression that the resemblance is fanciful. A new *Euplectella* was discovered and drawn, and a very interesting popular notice of the Hexacatinellidae is given. But it is spoiled by the old story that the descendants of the fossil "ventriculites" are still living in the modern chalk-beds of the Atlantic. Zittel has shown that none of the genera mentioned by Sir Wyville as descendants have the peculiar structure of the ventriculite genus. This is really extinct, and the modern Chalk is not the same as the ancient, in relation to the percentage of carbonate of lime. A beautiful polyzoan, named after Sir George Nares, is said to have a cup "with a curious resemblance to the Cambrian *Dictyonema*." The analogy is not even suggestive, and it is absurdly fanciful; so much so that the author disclaims it in the next sentence. A pretty *Salenia* is then noticed and figured, and of course, the genus having been found in the Chalk, this form is most interesting. It really is so, but Sir Wyville should have known that the genus has species in the Eocene and Miocene, and that his pretty form and the Miocene species do differ from those of the Chalk in their morphology. No species of *Salenia*, moreover, has an ocular plate within the anal ring, like that so beautifully drawn on page 146. On comparing this species with the drawings of A. Agassiz it turns out to be wrongly named by the Director. It has not the specific peculiarities of *Salenia varispina*. We must protest against the introduction of the generic name *Calveria*, for the genus to which it belongs was described and named differently by previous workers. Some beautiful little living lamellibranchs were dredged up from a great depth, and they

present some very remarkable features. But the species are not named, and the peculiarities are missed. Later on, a tiny *Avicula* came up; but the curiously palaeozoic *facies* of the form is passed without notice. We are informed in the text that Mr. J. Gwyn Jeffreys is to describe the shells; but here, again, the Director is at fault: they have been placed in the hands of a specialist, as the term is, who has never yet displayed any knowledge of fossil forms.

It will surprise those who are acquainted with the leading microscopists of this country, to learn that the Radiolaria are not very familiar to British naturalists. They appear to be unfamiliar to Sir Wyville, and we would suggest his reading some of Dr. Wallich's papers, and that he should study what has been done, before he plunges into discoveries. The results of dredging appear, constantly, to be poor in sensational objects; otherwise what was the necessity of bringing into the book the well-known corals, dredged years before by the Americans? One of the really interesting things dredged up was a new *Hyalonema*; but here Sir Wyville lost an opportunity, for he might have magnified its value by reminding geologists that Prof. Young has described a *Hyalonema* from the Carboniferous. During the stay at Bermuda the corals and lithophytes were, of course, examined; and the physiologist is informed that both these animals and plants take carbonate of lime from the sea-water, and incorporate it with their tissues. The great prizes found were some Echini of a family which "is certainly allied in many respects to the *Ananchitidae*; but there are important points of divergence." Really a cursory examination of the drawings of the three kinds indicates that two of them are full of anomalies—so suggestive that we wonder they did not strike the describer at once. The drawings on page 398 are of wonderful forms. A pretty brittle star *Ophioglypha bullata* is described and drawn in the professor's best manner. In the second volume some Noctilucae are turned into Diatomaceae, and then some exquisite Crinoids are described. These have appeared elsewhere, and, with due submission, the Apocrinoid nature of some is very overstrained. Equally interesting are some contributions which have appeared in the Linnean Society's publications, on the marsupial Echini and Ophiurans. But we should have liked the work of Quatrefages, A. Agassiz, and the Scandinavians to have been noticed.

In the general conclusions we are told that "there seems every reason to believe that the rocks of the Mezozoic and Cainozoic series, at all events, were formed in comparatively shallow water." We thought that the modern Chalk was the analogue of the old Chalk, which, some thousand and more feet in thickness, accumulated beyond the range of stones and mud, in the abyssal depths. Of course we are wrong, because no manganese is found in it in lumps; and therefore the modern Chalk is still less analogous to the ancient than some of us believe. The principal delight of some modern dredgers has been to pooh-pooh Edward Forbes, but it now turns out that life is not everywhere abundant in the

abyss, as we were told was the case. It is scarce in the profound depths, and gets scarcer with depth, and that was the real meaning of that great naturalist. Finally, the last statement of the Director relating to a biological conclusion is most astounding. He writes:—"The two great modern groups of the Mollusca, the Lamellibranchiata and the Gasteropoda, do not enter largely into the fauna of the deep sea." With the latter part of the sentence everybody will agree, but the first portion is grossly erroneous. The Lamellibranchs and Gasteropoda are among the oldest forms of life, and we would advise Sir Wyville Thomson to read any late manual of palaeontology, and so glean a knowledge of the succession of life on the globe, before something more than this "preliminary" is attempted.

Mr. Moseley's admirable work does not come within our criticism, but Sir Wyville Thomson should have read his naturalist's contributions before making such a mistake about the affinities of the Tabulata. Neither do we criticise Mr. Murray or Prof. Brazier, but it is rather astounding to find a red clay at 2,740 fathoms containing 56.9 per cent. of carbonate of lime, which ought to have been dissolved on its way down; and another red clay at 2,750 fathoms containing only 41.1 per cent. of this mineral. A little deeper, at 2,800 fathoms, there is 6.42 per cent. of the carbonate, and at 3,150 fathoms 3.11 per cent. Again, at 2,575 fathoms there was 51.16 per cent. of carbonate of lime in the red clay, and in shallower water, at 2,028 fathoms, only 43.93 per cent. of carbonate of lime was found, that being called a globigerine oaze. The clay had thus more of the mineral than the oaze. At the moderate depth of 1,900 fathoms there was a globigerine oaze with 74.50 per cent., and another similar oaze at 2,328 fathoms had 67.60 per cent. of the mineral. Yet in another 110 fathoms a red clay is found, with 52.22 per cent. of the carbonate of lime. It follows from these statements that the carbonate of lime is by no means so deficient as has been stated, and that in some instances the red clay contained much of it, and, indeed, more than the oaze. This exceptional condition leads to the examination of a table of the quantity of carbonic acid gas in the Atlantic, over the great depths (p. 384), and to our surprise only one estimate was taken from February 28 to March 26; yet Prof. Brazier's analyses of the deposits relate to that interval. This is very "preliminary," and it pretty well tells its tale. The theory of the dissolution of the globigerine shells by carbonic acid will be gradually dropped. A very remarkable absence of manganese in Prof. Brazier's analyses must be noticed, and it indicates that this mineral is above the mass of the deposit, and that it is not mixed with it. It is to be hoped that the future great work of the expedition will be far in advance of this unsatisfactory book, which, although it contains much valuable information, is in many places too technical for the general reader, and, on the whole, is not good enough for the advanced student.

P. M. DUNCAN.

Aristotle's Politics. By W. E. Bolland and A. Lang. (London: Longmans & Co., 1877.)

An edition of Aristotle's *Politics*, whether it be a complete one for the student of political philosophy, or a mere handbook for the tripos and the schools, is undoubtedly a desideratum. There are many difficulties in the way of its realisation. The corruptions of the text, the deficiency of good manuscripts, the obscure allusions, the crabbed terseness of the style, are all reasons why this boon should be long delayed. We are afraid that the present edition very imperfectly supplies the gap. It consists of two distinct parts—a translation of the first four books by Mr. Bolland, and a series of introductory essays by Mr. Lang. The latter part is decidedly the best. The essays are written with practised ease, and are evidently by a man who knows his subject; at the same time they are slight in texture. The fullness of allusion is bewildering to a less instructed reader, and the very brilliancy of their style would be likely to dazzle rather than enlighten the passmen for whom the book appears to be intended. Still these chapters are pleasant and useful reading, and the student who has read them once or twice through will have acquired some desirable information about the political side of the life of the ancient Greeks.

The translation of Mr. Bolland is far inferior in merit. There are, indeed, two schools of translation from ancient authors, which may be roughly called the Cambridge and the Oxford schools. The one aims at complete verbal accuracy with as much elegance as is possible under the circumstances; the other aims at producing before everything a literary work, a piece of English which is pleasant to read, and which puts the reader of the translation as far as possible into the position of a good classical scholar who can understand the original with ease. Mr. Munro's Lucretius will serve as a specimen of the one style, Prof. Jowett's Plato of the other. It is doubtful whether Aristotle, at least in the *Politics*, lends himself to this second kind of translation at all. His close, condensed, nervous language must be represented by English equally condensed and nervous, and such English is not easy reading. But whether success be possible or no, Mr. Bolland has not attained to it. His translation is neither intelligible to those who know no Greek, nor is it a safe guide to the meaning of the author for those who can understand the Greek text which occupies half the page. We will refer to a few instances taken from the third book. In III. viii., the last twelve lines present a series of blunders. "Reason" (*ό λόγος*) should surely be "our discussion;" "the case of the Few" is inexact; "the latter" and "the former" require to change places, the sentence at present making nonsense; "it does not really happen that the alleged causes of difference ever exist" should be, literally, "it does not turn out that the causes named above are the real causes of the difference," which is true and to the point, whereas the present rendering is neither. Lastly, in the pursuit of an emphasis which is not in the Greek, the translator has mutilated the sentence beginning *kai*

ἀναγκαῖον μὲν. Turning to III. xii. 6, we find that Aristotle is credited with the following hypothesis: "If, on the whole, size excels virtue more than virtue excels size," &c. Surely a second glance at this might have raised a doubt in the mind of the translator, or of one of the friends who looked over the proofs. In III. xiii. 15 it is perhaps by a misprint that *ωστράκιζον* appears as "usually ostracise them." If not, the carelessness is particularly inopportune, as also is the perversity which in III. xvii. 5 by rendering *οὐδὲ* "however" destroys the framework of half a chapter. On page 218 (III. xv. 6 *sqq.*) besides several losses of emphasis, *καθ' ἐρα μὲν οὐδὲ*, *κ.τ.λ.*, mistranslated and destroying the argument, compels the translator, groping for sense, to jam two sentences into one. Finally, if *kai* is not rendered by "also," it is usually omitted—*e.g.*, *kai* . . . *δέ* appears as "and;" *cf.* *ἐπειδὴ* *kai* in III. xvi. 7. In III. xvi. 3, *τοῦτο δὲ* *ἡδην νόμος*, which is translated "but this now is law," should be rendered "this brings us to law," or "here we come to law." These defects are sufficient to show that Mr. Bolland's cannot be accepted as the final English translation. It is also to be regretted that the fifth (eighth) book is not included, which so closely follows the fourth in subject. In default of other editions this one may be of service; but every student who uses it will feel a keen regret that a better is not easily available.

OSCAR BROWNING.

SCIENCE NOTES.

PHYSIOLOGY.

Is the Human Eye changing its Form under the Influence of Modern Education?—Dr. Loring of New York sends us a pamphlet with this title. It is his object to draw general attention to the bad effects of over-study during childhood on the organ of vision, effects seemingly proportionate to the degree in which the principle of compulsory education is carried out. Myopia or short-sightedness consists essentially in an elongation of the antero-posterior diameter of the eye-ball. A systematic examination of the eyes in large numbers of children attending public schools in Germany, Russia, and the United States, has conclusively shown that school-work is a powerful—perhaps the most powerful—cause of myopia. Again, Prof. Ribot says, in his work on *Heredity*:—"Since constant study creates myopia, and heredity most frequently perpetuates it, the number of short-sighted persons must necessarily increase in a nation devoted to intellectual pursuits." Their number actually has increased to an alarming extent in Germany. Is there any danger of myopia becoming the rule, and normal vision the exception, throughout the civilised world? Of the two factors required to produce such a result, one—heredity—is thought by Loring to be less universally operative than Ribot has assumed it to be. The tendency to inherit a myopic eye-ball is largely counteracted by the opposite tendency to revert to a type already perfect in its adaptation to its environment. Only by altering some important "condition of existence" may this conservative tendency be nullified; and the alteration must be brought to bear, not on a few individuals only, but on the great mass of the community; not one sex only, but on both sexes alike. Universal compulsory education is a condition of this kind, and it is making its influence felt already. It causes myopia in the individual by compelling over-use of the eyes in childhood and early youth; it favours the hereditary transmis-

sion of the defect by lessening the tendency to revert to the normal type of eye-ball.

Functions of the Corpus Striatum.—At the meeting of the Société de Biologie on January 26, 1878, MM. François-Franck and Pitres gave an account of some experiments throwing light upon the function of different portions of the corpus striatum. They found that when an electrical stimulus is strictly localised in the grey matter of the caudate or of the lenticular nucleus, it does not give rise to any movements. No sooner, however, do the points of the electrodes reach the surface of the internal capsule than a tetanic spasm occurs with explosive violence. Again, feeble stimuli applied to the capsule cause much more active movements than those provoked by far more powerful stimulation of the white fasciculi of the *centrum ovale*. This phenomenon may be explained by supposing that the internal capsule contains fibres derived from the *corpus striatum*, as well as fibres proceeding from the cortical substance. Both sets of fibres are simultaneously excited when the stimulus is applied to the capsule; hence the greater violence of the movements produced. That this explanatory hypothesis is not without a basis of fact is proved by the following experiment. In a dog, from whose cortex the motor centre for the left fore-paw had been removed six months previously, and in whom the corresponding fibres of the *centrum ovale* were absolutely non-excitatory, movements were readily provoked in the paralysed limb by stimulation of the internal capsule—i.e., in all likelihood, of the still healthy fibres derived from the *corpus striatum*.

On Vaso-motor Mechanisms.—A fresh illustration of the remarkable power of self-adjustment with which the vascular system is endowed has lately been furnished by Pawlow and Ustimowitsch (*Pflüger's Archiv*, xvi., 4 and 5). The mean blood-pressure in the arterial system of a fasting dog having been accurately determined without the administration of curare and without inflicting pain, the animal was allowed to take a meal of dry food. The blood-pressure was then repeatedly determined at successive intervals of time. The maximum depression observed did not amount in any one experiment to more than ten millimetres of mercury. Sometimes, no depression at all was noticed during the three hours following the meal. In this experiment, two conditions were present, both of which might have been expected to lower arterial tension; first, the vessels supplying the abdominal viscera were relaxed; secondly, a considerable quantity of fluid, in the shape of peptic juices, must have passed out of the vascular system into the alimentary canal. A state of equilibrium was nevertheless maintained. If we ask how it was maintained, we naturally turn to the cutaneous and other systemic arterioles for an answer. We know that stimulation of an afferent cutaneous nerve is followed by relaxation of the cutaneous vessels and simultaneous contraction of the vessels within the abdomen. We may imagine that the converse of this occurs in the case now under consideration, a stimulus applied to some of the centripetal nerves of the digestive apparatus causing relaxation of the abdominal and contraction of the cutaneous vessels. This hypothesis was put to the test of experiment by its authors. They found that the mere exposure, for a few moments, of a knuckle of intestine in the rabbit was invariably attended by a contraction of the arteries supplying the ears—a contraction which lasted for some little time after the bowel had been replaced and the abdomen closed. But this experiment, as it stands, is not conclusive; it admits of another interpretation. It might be argued that the relaxed state of the abdominal vessels caused by exposure of the bowel, by withdrawing an undue proportion of the total blood from the general system, causes anaemia of other vascular territories. The

diminished calibre of the vessels of the ear would thus be a phenomenon of a passive not of an active order. To decide this point the experiment was repeated after previous division of the cervical sympathetic on one side. Were the anaemia simply passive, it would clearly take place in both ears alike. But it was found to take place only on the side where the sympathetic remained intact. No effect was produced on the vessels of the ear affected with neuro-paralytic hyperaemia. There can, accordingly, be no doubt that the relaxation of the arterioles in the abdominal viscera during digestion is associated with a compensatory contraction of the vessels of the skin, and perhaps of other parts, the mutually antagonistic phenomena being so nicely balanced as to prevent any noteworthy alteration in the mean pressure of the blood in the arterial system.

Innervation of Sudoriparous Glands.—Setting out from Luchsinger's researches (which have been noticed in the ACADEMY), Nawrocki has endeavoured to ascertain the central origin and exact course of those fibres which terminate in the sweat-glands of the toes in the cat (*Centralblatt für die med. Wiss.* 1878, 1 and 2). It will be remembered that Luchsinger showed that stimulation of the sciatic nerve causes sweating of the hairless surface of the toes in the corresponding paw. When one sciatic has been divided, exposure of the animal to a temperature of 44° to 47° C., or temporary asphyxia, causes sweating of three paws only, the one operated on remaining dry. Nawrocki finds that these sudoral fibres are derived from the spinal cord. To determine their point of exit, and the position of the centre or centres from which they spring, the cord was divided at different levels, and the two methods of exciting perspiration enumerated above were employed. A series of such experiments proved that the secretory nerves for the hind-paws issue from the cord at the junction of the dorsal with the lumbar region of the spine; those for the fore-paws, on a level with the fourth dorsal vertebra. Both sets of fibres originate in a single centre, common to the four paws, situated in the medulla oblongata. By dividing the abdominal and thoracic cords of the sympathetic on one side of the body, and then stimulating the sudoral centre, it was shown that the secretory fibres enter the sympathetic after leaving the cord. Those destined for the fore-paws traverse the *ganglion stellatum*, enter the brachial plexus, and are finally conveyed to the toes either in the median nerve alone or in the median and ulnar together. Those for the hind-paws traverse the abdominal sympathetic and pass into the sciatic trunk.

Manganese in the Blood.—Richet has executed some quantitative determinations of this element by incinerating large quantities of blood, or destroying its organic constituents with chlorine, and then precipitating the manganese in the form of dioxide by the galvanic current (*Bulletin de l'Académie de Méd.*, 1877, No. 46). A kilogramme of blood from the ox yielded on one occasion 2·5 milligrammes of MnO₂ and 584 of iron (in the form of oxide); on another occasion 0·5 milligrammes of MnO₂, with 495 of iron. From 250 cubic centimetres of human blood he obtained in one experiment a trace of manganese too small to be determined; another time, a quantity equivalent to three milligrammes per kilo. He thus corroborates the usual doctrine that any manganese present in the blood should be regarded as an accidental ingredient derived from the food.

PHILOLOGY.

The most important paper in the last number of the *Rheinisches Museum* is a dissertation by Bücheler on an Oscan leaden tablet found recently in the necropolis of the ancient Capua. The tablet contains a curse or *excratio*. Bücheler discusses it with a wealth of instructive illustration and hypothesis, adding a list of the new Oscan words which it contains. Müller-Strübing publishes a

chapter of a forthcoming work on Thucydides, on the *στρατηγία* of Demosthenes in the year 418. He argues that a right reading of the inscription *C. I. A.* 180 supports his hypothesis that it was Demosthenes who led the thousand Athenian hoplites to Epidaurus in that year (*Thuc.*, v., 75). Wecklein has some good notes on Aeschylus and Euripides; Klein, a number of interesting remarks on inscriptions and antiquities; and Dziatzko, some observations on Lucilius.

The Merchant Taylors' Hebrew Grammar. The Formal Principles of Biblical Hebrew, as understood by modern Semitists, stated in a Manner suited to Beginners. By the Rev. C. J. Ball, M.A. (Bagster.) This is by far the most useful Hebrew Grammar for beginners. It states principles in "a simple and straightforward manner," and is generally accurate. It is also the first grammar of English origin in which the languages closely allied to Hebrew are used for the purpose of comparison. Some may doubt the advantage of introducing a comparative element into a school grammar. There is, of course, much diversity of opinion on the origin of the linguistic forms of Hebrew, and it would be unwise to occupy the student's attention too much with doubtful explanations. Mr. Ball's experience, however, has probably led him to see that a moderate amount of illustration from the cognate languages assists the young student in assimilating the dry facts of the grammar. He has even inserted some illustrations from Assyrian, and in our opinion these have been selected with care and discrimination; as, indeed, might be expected from the revision given to the book by Mr. Sayce. Perhaps it is a little too much to claim for the book that it represents the views of modern Semitists in general, for it is well known that there are at least three schools of Semitists. But Mr. Ball's work would certainly be much more generally accepted by them than, say, Mr. Mason's or Mr. Sharpe's, both of which we had to criticise severely some time ago. Mr. Ball's comparative philology, however, is only incidental; his knowledge of the facts of the language is solid and accurate. Here, again, the works of modern scholars have been utilised. Thus we find the pronunciation *bāttim* preferred to *bōttim*, and the divine name given as *Jahwē* (rather *Yahwē*—comp. Mr. Tennyson's *Yabbok*). On page 98 it might have been mentioned that *sāhabh*, not *sab*, is the form found in the Hebrew Bible; and on page 43 we could wish to see some other example of the Arabic article in a Hebrew word than *alkum* (*Prov. xxx., 31*), which is almost certainly corrupt (Hitzig reads *Elōhim*). In the next edition Bickell's Hebrew Grammar (translated by Curtiss) may, perhaps, supply some additions. But enough of criticism. The book deserves to become popular in English schools and colleges.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

CHEMICAL SOCIETY.—(Thursday, February 21.)

Dr. GLADSTONE, President, in the Chair. A lecture entitled "Laboratory Experiences on board the *Challenger*" was delivered by Mr. J. Y. Buchanan. After describing his laboratory—which measured 10 feet by 5 feet 8 inches and 6 feet high—and its fittings, the lecturer gave a detailed account of the means by which, after estimating the compressibilities of water and mercury, he was enabled to determine the depths and temperatures attained by the sounding-line. The compressibility of distilled water was found to be 0·000049 per atmosphere, or 0·0009 per 100 fathoms; of sea-water 0·00077 per 100 fathoms; and of mercury 0·0000271 per 100 fathoms, or 0·0000015 per atmosphere. He then described the apparatus and methods by means of which the amounts of oxygen, nitrogen, and carbonic acid were determined. The most interesting results obtained were the following:—From the surface down to 300 fathoms the amount of oxygen continuously decreases; from 300 fathoms downwards, whatever be the depth, the amount increases. This anomalous result the lecturer stated to be due to the

great abundance of animal life at the depth of 300 fathoms, the increase in the quantity of oxygen for greater depths being caused by its non-consumption owing to the absence of life. The next part of the lecture dealt with the distribution of the sea-water as regards density, in depth and superficially. Two regions of maximum density exist north and south of the equator, corresponding to the tracts frequented by the trade-winds. At 350 fathoms deep a great zone of water of low density is found. The densest water is found in the Atlantic. Light water is found in the neighbourhood of ice and in certain regions immediately after the cessation of the monsoons. The maxima of density lie in the north hemisphere to the S.W., in the south to the N.W., of the maxima of barometric pressure. By taking soundings simultaneously with the water-piezometer and the mercury-piezometer, corrections were ingeniously made for any inaccuracies in temperature of the different layers of water. A hearty and unanimous vote of thanks was given to Mr. Buchanan for his interesting lecture, which was illustrated by many tables and diagrams.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—(Thursday, February 21.)

F. OUVRY, Esq., President, in the Chair. Mr. Everard Green presented to the society a drawing of a brass in the church of Weston Underwood, Bucks, representing Elizabeth, daughter of Lord Hussey, and wife of Lord Hungerford and Sir Robert Throckmorton, who died in 1553. The figure is now headless, but when Lipscomb's *History of Buckinghamshire* was published, it was complete, and accompanied by the figures of five daughters, which are now lost.—Mr. Willett exhibited two small bronzes found at Southstoke, near Chichester. One is a seated figure of Jupiter Serapis, of excellent workmanship; and the other a rude representation of a horseman, perhaps a mediaeval chess-knight.—Mr. Peacock contributed a paper on the Court Rolls of Scotter Manor, Lincolnshire, a manor which belonged to the abbey of Peterborough from its foundation to the Reformation, and since then to the bishopric, till it was recently sold by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. The date of the earliest roll is 1519. In addition to memoranda of the transfer of tenements in the manor, they contain numerous entries showing the jurisdiction possessed by the Manorial Court. Persons are presented and fined for thieving; for baking and brewing contrary to the assize; for not cleaning ditches and water-courses; for refusing to sell beer to be drunk off the premises; for allowing diseased cattle to be at large; for not taking proper precautions against fire; and for other acts, some of which are now under the control of the police, and others which there is no authority to prevent.

NUMISMATIC SOCIETY.—(Thursday, February 21.)

JOHN EVANS, Esq., F.R.S., President, in the Chair. Mr. Percy Gardner read a paper on the Macedonian and Greek coins issued by the Seleucid kings of Syria in the course of their various attempts on the Macedonian throne. Such attempts were made by Seleucus I., Antiochus I., and Antiochus III.; and the two latter kings probably minted money in Europe. Antiochus III. struck money as general or praetor of the Aetolian league, and also at Carystus in Euboea, in which island he passed the winter of 192 B.C.—A paper was also read by Mr. Cochran Patrick in continuation of his series "On the Metallic History of Scotland."

ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.—(Tuesday, February 26.)

JOHN EVANS, Esq., D.C.L., F.R.S., President, in the Chair. A weapon from New Zealand was exhibited by Mr. Hyde Clarke.—Mr. J. Sanderson exhibited some stone implements and fragments of pottery from Natal, and read a paper on the subject of the present native inhabitants and their legends. The President remarked that the great bulk of the implements exhibited were extremely rude, and in respect to the pottery observed that it presented remarkable similarity in pattern to pottery found in this country, a statement confirmed by the Rev. Canon Greenwell, who remarked that the pottery was hard and well-baked, and probably made for use in the household.—Mr. W. St. Chad Boscawen read a paper on "The Primitive Culture of Babylonia," in which he re-

ferred to the rudely-pictorial character of early Babylonian writing, and to its gradual development into a syllabic character, as shown in the syllabaries of Assur-bani-pal, which he illustrated by reference to the growth of pronominal ideas and the change of the archaic forms through hieratic into a cursive or script hand. Treating the earlier forms as pictorial, he suggested that they gave evidence that the original form of dwelling was a cave, which then gave place to a construction of wattle and daub, and that to a structure supported by wooden beams or columns and having doors and windows. To these were probably attached gardens about the entrance. The honour in which women were held by their children is indicated by the ideograph for mother, which signifies "house-divinity." Mr. Boscawen then stated as his opinion that the early Babylonians used the fire-stick to kindle their fires. The ideograph for "prison" is "dark hole." In these early cities there were policemen who patrolled day and night. A vast number of other curious illustrations of the manners of ancient Babylon were deduced by Mr. Boscawen from the ideographs and syllabaries; and his lecture was listened to with great interest. An animated discussion followed, in which Mr. Bouverie Pusey, Prof. Boyd Dawkins, and others took part.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.—(Wednesday, February 27.)

CHARLES CLARK, Esq., Q.C., in the Chair. Sir Patrick Colquhoun commenced reading a paper "On Historical Outlines of the Leading Religions of the World," in which he surveyed at considerable length the earliest form of religions in India, which he considered to be Brahmanic; and pointed out how, from the simplicity of the earliest system, as recorded in the *Vedas*, the vast system of idolatry which we know to have prevailed in later times grew up, as it were, insensibly. Sir Patrick then pointed out the origin of the later practices of female infanticide, chiefly among the Rajputs, and of suttee everywhere; and noticed the reforms in the popular religion, first, by Rammohan Roy and, more recently, by Keshub Sen.

PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—(Friday, March 1.)

DR. J. A. H. MURRAY, V.-P., in the Chair. Mr. Alexander J. Ellis, V.-P., read a paper on "Engytype, a new Approximative System of Phonetic Writing for Philological purposes." His two principles were that every sign must represent a whole class of connected sounds (as those represented by *a* in man, *ask*, *father*, *Fr. passer*, *Eng. all*), and that there should be a power of discrimination by diacritics, (thus, in the five words just cited, *a* might be respectively *ā*, *ā*, *ā*, *ā*, *ā*). He then distinguished eight classes of vowels, represented by the types *i*, *e*, *a*, *o*, *u*, *y*, *ā*, *ā*, of which the six first had their general Latin senses, and *ā* its German sense, while *ā* represented varieties of English *u* in *cut*. The accents were only applicable to the five first and last; for *y*, *ā*, superior and inferior figures were used, which added also to the accented letters, gave a very long series. These marks would be added at pleasure of the writer, provided he stated his starting-point, and used them to indicate changes in the directions laid down. When a writer could not feel satisfied with any such forms, he added a diacritic *h* to the one thought most like; thus, Polish *y* might be *īh*, or most like a deep *i*. When the writer could only say that the sound could not be assigned, but seemed to lie between two others, he wrote *x* as the symbol of the unknown, and placed it between the others, as *əxu*, a dialectal sound not yet analysed, which seems to lie "between" *ə* and *u*. The diphthongs, aspirate, consonants, clicks, &c. were similarly treated, care being taken that the diacritics were always "in stock" in England, so that the application could be immediate, and that great freedom was always left to the writer in their application, provided the general basis was preserved (which would in any character show the genus of sound), and the hierarchy of the diacritic discrimination (which would show the writer's appreciation of the specific character of the sound).—Mr. Gunlösen then read a paper on Icelandic, with especial reference to theories of the ancient sounds.

LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.—(Friday, March 1.)

ROBERT HARRISON, Esq., Treasurer, in the Chair. The proposals of the Society of Arts for a Universal

Catalogue of Printed Books were discussed. The Chairman was requested to convey unofficially to the Council of the Society the opinions arrived at, to inform them that the association was instructed by the Conference of Librarians to prepare a scheme for a General Catalogue of English Literature, and to call attention to the papers read at the Conference by Mr. J. Ashton Cross and Mr. Cornelius Walford.—Mr. E. B. Nicholson exhibited specimens of coloured and partly printed catalogue cards, designed and used by Mr. W. Crookes, F.R.S.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—(Saturday, March 2.)

MR. R. BOSWORTH SMITH's sixth lecture brought the history of Carthage to its close. The lecturer first pointed out the prejudiced view the Romans took of the Carthaginian character, and drew a strong distinction between Carthage as it was and Carthage as the Romans represented it to be. He then traced the concluding years of the great Punic War—the last holding-out in Italy; the transfer of the seat of war to Africa; the recall of Hannibal; and the terrible defeat at Zama. Mr. Bosworth Smith then told the unhappy story of the great Carthaginian's end, his wanderings and death, and sketched in strong outlines some of the traits of his unique character. Then the final destruction of Carthage was recounted: the carrying-out of the implacable fiat, *Delenda est Carthago*, the siege, the taking of the Megara, the last assault, and the great catastrophe. To-day's lecture ends the series: it will treat of "Carthage as it is," a subject of which Mr. Bosworth Smith is able to speak from personal experience.

FINE ART.

THE DUDLEY GALLERY.

"NOTHING to wear"—or at any rate next to nothing—might be the verdict on the present exhibition in the Dudley Gallery, opened to the public on Monday last, and consisting, as usual at this season of the year, of water-colours. Nothing that will wear well, and outlive a little chance and change; and nothing that one can wear in the memory or the feeling as a permanent possession. And yet there is no lack of manual skill, sprightliness of perception, and natural appearances nicely hit off: it is much such an exhibition as the average—the lower average—of its predecessors. Our convenience on the present occasion suggests our taking the pictures much as they happen to come on the walls: for a collection of this sort that plan will do as well as another.

Tuning up, by Miss Edith Martineau, is a well-executed half-figure of an Italian itinerant fiddler, finished with careful and unrelaxing solidity, and with serious truthfulness. The portrait of a lady, *In Her Eighty-second Year*, has similar merits; the pink complexion, set mouth, lively eyes, and white hair crossed by a broad band of black velvet, combine into a genuine record, pleasurable to remember. *A May Meeting*, by Mr. Crane, shows a young lady and gentleman engaged in lawn-tennis on a chilly afternoon of spring; the early-flowering trees are in bloom, but the season scarcely trusts itself as yet to be genial; a greyhound couches on the grass. Nicely managed though it is, this is rather a trifling production for so gifted an inventor as Mr. Crane; the network which serves as a barrier between the players acts a rather dammingly conspicuous part in the composition. The *Portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Lyulph Stanley* does ampler justice to this artist, and forms an uncommon colour-arrangement—the dark, warm complexion of the lady, who is standing by a fire-place, her hand drooping over the chimney-piece, and holding a Japanese hand-screen; the bright yellow of her silk dress; and the deep-red folding-screen which chiefly fills up the background. Mr. Waterlow contributes, along with other landscapes, *A Riverside House*, showing right perception, but too little desire of completeness in execution: the same, with added emphasis, may be said of his *Harley-on-Thames*. *A Study of Colour*, by Mr. Guinness, is, we suppose, intended to be a study of good colour—of such colour as serves the purpose of a

colourist. We cannot say that the painter has entirely attained this object, the greenish-yellow brocade which fills a considerable space nearest the eye being somewhat cold and discordant. The work has, nevertheless, some good tinting, and capable painting too. *The Robin* is one of Mrs. Allingham's extremely sweet little bits, with the sunflowers and other blossoms of a small cottage-garden struggling for space within the narrow palings. Miss Constance Phillott treats the endlessly-quoted lines of Wordsworth from "We are Seven," about the country-girl and her "little porringer." The child has a graceful wildness, both in physiognomy and in posing; and, allowing for some tendency to rawness in the colouring, this work counts well to its authoress's credit. A portrait by Miss Helen Miles—*Mrs. J. H. Barber*—hangs near that by Miss Martineau already mentioned: it is natural and life-like, and the forms are pulpy and well-rounded: a little more crispness of handling were to be desired. *The Cottage Garden*, by Mr. F. S. Walker, marks an advance upon anything we had previously seen from this gentleman, and reminds us, at no very great interval, of the artistic method of the late Frederick Walker: solid colour and cunning touch are both here. The personages are three damsels of refined character, and a black cat in the grass. Further on we observe *Italia*, by the same painter—a couple of women amid the lights and shadows of the vines; here, also, there is a good deal to praise in detail, but the attempt, as a whole, does not seem to come so natural to Mr. Walker as his English subject. Of the portraits of children whereof Mr. J. C. Moore's hand is so prolific, by far the best in the present exhibition, and one of the best ever displayed, is the *Daughter of J. Hichens, Esq.*; a girl of five to six years of age, dark of hair and eye, and clear-complexioned, with hands lightly folded, habited in light blue of two varying tints: a needlework curtain forms the background. Mr. Henry Moore sends two works executed with his wonted fullness of knowledge and certainty of method; *Autumn Mist*, a marine, and *Tween Strath and Mountain*, a most vigorous sketch, almost scribbled off (as one might say) in point of mere handiwork, but ample in its array of facts, and of underlying truths, and in the expressional gift for rendering them. Mr. Poynter's sea-piece, *Moonlight in Funchal Bay, Madeira*, may be characterised as a study in indigo-tints, from the deep blue of the clear sky-spaces and of the lighthouse-rock to the grey of the shimmering clouds: a dignified and intelligent piece of work, though it cannot be said that the artist has combined with his well-observed scale of hues so much of actual light as would beseem the subject. Mr. Herbert Marshall has a very good eye for atmosphere clogged by natural or artificial mist. London of course supplies him with abundant material of this sort: and he has utilised it to much good purpose in his *Trafalgar Square*, and still more so in the view of *Hastings*. Mr. Coleman is getting somewhat mannered and monotonous in his subjects of female children or budding girls fantastically half-arrayed. *Gold Fish* is a reasonably good specimen, but we have seen others better before now, when the notion, and the girls too, had not reached their teens. *Little Ruth* again brings forward Mr. G. McCulloch as a painter of individuality verging upon whim, but well supplied with painterlike suggestiveness. The colour here is of lurid pallor, and we can make nothing of the smudgy black background—it does not seem to represent any object or appearance in particular. The infant, with her blonde hair, black hood, greenish-yellow shawl, and white pinafore, and her hands clasped over the half-dozen ears of corn which she has gleaned, has an engaging air of steadfast and responsible babyhood. There was a task incumbent upon her, and it has been accomplished. Mr. Joseph Knight is a Lancashire painter of much local name and

some London repute. His *Moorland* on a soppy day, with two well-managed figures, one of them a sturdy old market-dame reckless of umbrellas, is truthful, and rightly directed according to the painter's aim; but the texture is woolly, dense, and ponderous, to an unpleasant degree—wanting in relief and buoyancy. This, it may be urged, pertains to the subject-matter, and so, indeed, it does to some extent; but the thing really at fault is the artistic manipulation, and, until he amends this throughout the range of his work generally, Mr. Knight will not attain—or, at any rate, will not retain—that rank which his admirers would wish to assign him.

Some way beyond this picture hangs the one which, in point of subject-matter and creditable treatment united, may be regarded as the leading work of the exhibition: like several other things which bespeak praise here, it is the production of a lady. Miss Catherine Sparkes paints *Louis de Mâle, Count of Flanders, hiding from the Soldiers of Philip van Artevelde*. It is a very well-chosen subject for a lady, grave and moving in its dramatic crisis, but chiefly, to the eye, dependent upon its domestic and infantine tenderness. The count is not at the first moment descried; but soon one observes him, crouched under the bed, and helping himself further backwards out of sight with his hands. Three armed men with drawn swords are about to enter the chamber, pricking and scrutinising as they advance. The principal space is occupied by the bed and its three prettily-arranged inmates—two chubby little children pillowled and asleep at the head of the bed, and a third at its foot: behind the bed, and close to the tall fireplace, is the mother, anxious and agitated, but nerving herself to apparent composure. The accessories are all well introduced—neither scanty nor superfluous—the pictured saint, the *sabots* on the floor, the infant's black doll. For distribution and expression the subject could hardly be better managed than it is, according to the range of the painter's power and experience: every portion of it has been well reflected upon, and painted both firmly and felicitously. We do not remember the name of Miss Sparkes heretofore: she has now produced a picture which will be popular in the Dudley Gallery, and would no doubt be the same were it diffused by engraving.

Reserving a considerable number of contributions for a second article, we may mention a few which attracted and merited attention as we passed; works by David Carr, Addison, Constance Philip, Tom Lloyd (*Up the River*, and *Fast falls the Eventide*), Frank Walton (*Ballard Down, Isle of Purbeck*), J. E. Grace, Pownoll Williams, A. Clay, Gustave Gillman (*The Back-gate of the Puerto de Justicia, Granada*), Guérin, J. O. Long, Aston, Hugh Wilkinson, Fulleylove (*The Lions of the Capitol*, a fine treatment), B. F. Berry, Arthur Severn (*The Boulogne Boat entering Folkestone Harbour in a Storm*), W. Hall, Helen Angell, Jane Raven, Yeens King, Alfred Parsons, David Green, Pilsbury (*Farm-yard*), W. B. Gardner, Whipple, Linnie Watt, Jennie Moore, Poncy (*The Bleak Downs*), Mrs. Staples, W. J. Palmer, Patty Townsend, C. N. Hemy (*Off for the Night*), S. F. Mills, Mary Godsall, and Elgood. We have cited the title in the case only of pictures of some superior degree of importance.

W. M. ROSSETTI.

OBITUARY.

AFTER a long life of most useful activity and of kindness and geniality perhaps never surpassed, Mr. Joseph Bonomi died last Sunday, at "The Camels," Wimbledon Park. He was born on October 9, 1796, the son of a distinguished architect who, resigning his position as architect of St. Peter's at Rome, settled in this country and left his mark on its architecture. How much he was valued by Sir Joshua Reynolds may be gathered from the fact that the latter withdrew from his

office of President of the Royal Academy because that body had not elected Mr. Bonomi an R.A. The young Bonomi was a pupil of the Royal Academy, and gained there the silver medal for a drawing and a model from the antique. He worked also in the studio of Nollekens, and could remember many curious incidents of those days. In 1823 he went to Rome, where he met Gibson; but next year he went on to Egypt, and there accumulated an immense series of sketches, many of which are now in the British Museum. In 1833 he went to Syria, and, what was then a difficult matter, to Jerusalem. In 1838 he returned to London, and for several years was actively engaged with drawings for such important works as Wilkinson's *Egyptians*. In 1842 he went again to Egypt, as artist to the Prussian expedition under Lepsius. He assisted Owen Jones in the decorations of the Egyptian Court at the Crystal Palace in 1853, and in 1861 he was appointed Curator of Sir John Soane's Museum, in Lincoln's Inn Fields. But, in fact, no dry list of where he had been at one time or what he had done at another can convey at all an adequate notion of his true services to Egyptology, and perhaps less directly to art—for this reason especially, that a great part of his work and skill went, in fact, to help to make up the reputations of others. Those will value his services best who have had or may have occasion to trust to the faultlessness of his drawings. For such, and for others who may consult his *Nineveh and its Palaces*, or his *Proportions of the Human Figure*, his works remain; but for the many who besides this enjoyed the charms of his personal kindness and geniality, he is no more.

THE bare fact of the recent death of M. A. Poulet-Malassis has already been mentioned in these pages, but he deserves at least a few lines of further remark. As a publisher, he was among the very first to take steps to revive in France that taste for fine and decorative printing and book embellishment which had prevailed among the few and wealthy book-buyers of the eighteenth century; and he occupied himself in the issue of works not only printed with exquisite care, but adorned with head-pieces, tail-pieces, and vignettes that recalled the taste of elder generations. He was likewise among the first to employ the art of etching in book-illustration. But the second great claim he has upon our remembrance is by reason of his having helped largely in the publication of several works which have since taken definite literary rank of a high kind, but which were not in the least sought for by the public at the period of their first issue. His editions of certain of the works of Théophile Gautier, of Baudelaire, and of a now popularly-accepted humorist, Charles Monselet, were a drug on the market for months or years—they are now very hard to meet with, and eagerly sought after by the bibliophile. Many years of M. Malassis' middle life were passed at Brussels, where his services to literature were less notable. Since his return to Paris, in the days of the present Republic, he has given to the world more than one volume of interest—such as that of the Correspondence of Mme. de Pompadour, and that on Molière judged by his contemporaries. His life, whether as writer or publisher, was a difficult one, and he has died leaving little for his widow besides his collections, one of which (the engravings) is to be sold immediately in London, at Messrs. Sotheby's, while the other (the rare books) is to be dispersed under the hammer in Paris some time during the month of May.

ART SALES.

THE eight days' sale of Greek coins belonging to his Excellency Subhi Pasha was finished on Saturday last, by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge. Among the most interesting lots were the following:—Corinth, silver, *Pegasus, rev.* Quad. incus., a rare tetradrachm, 9*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*; Chalcis, silver, head of Apollo, *rev. XAAKIAION*

and lyre, 8*l.* 8*s.*; a gold double stater of Alexander III., Pallas, *rev.* Victory and trident, 8*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*; others, 5*l.* and 5*l.* 10*s.*; Philip V., silver, Perseus, *rev.* name and club in oak wreath, 6*l.* 15*s.*; Perseus, silver, head of king, *rev.* name and eagle on fulmen, 16*l.* 16*s.*; Abdera, silver, an unpublished variety, with griffin and a dancing fawn, 5*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*; Aenus, silver, head of Mercury, *rev.* AINI, 6*l.* 10*s.*; Aenus, silver, head of Mercury, *rev.* AINION and goat with star, 13*l.*; Prusias II., silver, head of king, *rev.* Jupiter, with thunderbolt and eagle, 10*l.*; Cyzicus, distater, gold, griffin, *rev.* Quad. incus, 8*l.* 5*s.*; Magnesia, silver, head of Diana, 15*l.*; Smyrna, head of town, *rev.* name and lion, 10*l.* 5*s.*; another, 9*l.* 15*s.*; Soli, silver, Phrygian anchor, *rev.* ΣΩΛΕΩΝ, grapes and fly, 10*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*; Heliocles, silver, bust, *rev.* Jupiter with fulmen, 8*l.* 10*s.*; Arsinoe II., gold, head, *rev.* legend without trident, 6*l.*; Ptolemy I. and Berenice, 8*l.* 8*s.*; another, 7*l.*; Berenice II., gold, rare but poor and pierced, 15*l.*; Amphipolis, silver, Apollo, *rev.* torch and tripod, 20*l.*; four gold distaters of Cyzicus, 7*l.* 5*s.*, 6*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*, 7*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*, and 6*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*; Arsinoe, gold, veiled head, *rev.* name and cornucopia, 8*l.*; Arcanaria, silver, head of Apollo, *rev.* ΘΥΩΝ, Diana and anchor, inedited, 10*l.* 15*s.*; Aenus, head of Mercury, 6*l.* 10*s.*; Smyrna, silver, head of Cybele-Sipyrene, *rev.* lion and ΦΑΝΗΣ in wreath, 6*l.*; Magnesia and Maeandrum, silver, bust of Diana, 9*l.*; Elaeus, silver, turreted head, *rev.* draped female in a wreath, probably unique, 33*l.*; Cyrenaica, Barca, full-faced head of Jupiter Ammon, 21*l.* The entire sale realised 2,475*l.* 4*s.* 6*d.*

At a recent sale at the Hôtel Drouot certain very valuable objects of art were disposed of, among them a magnificent decorated mirror, which realised 400*l.*; busts of Louis Seize and Marie Antoinette, repoussé work, in silver, 10*l.*; two busts in terra-cotta by Roland, 420*l.*; a Louis Seize sofa, exquisitely sculptured, 404*l.*; and, lastly, for 600*l.*, a splendid example of Gobelins tapestry, representing *The Repast, Dancing and Music*, from designs of François Boucher. We hear that during the present month a large collection of the eighteenth-century French engravings now sought for with such avidity will be offered at the Hôtel Drouot.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

A CURIOUS and very rare woodcut, by Wenceslaus Hollar, called *The Great View of Cologne*, was acquired by the British Museum at the sale of Dr. F. Heimsoeth's collection, which took place a few months ago at Frankfurt. This elaborate work is engraved on four large blocks, and printed on eight sheets of paper. It gives a bird's-eye view of Cologne in its whole extent, with all its principal buildings and spires marked with their names. On the other side of the river, from whence the view is taken, is Deutz, surrounded by fortifications and large barracks, before which are to be seen soldiers exercising, and other details. To the right are fields with animals grazing, while to the left, on a small hillock, stand a group of twelve persons, men and women of all conditions, chief among whom is the Burgomaster of the town. An inscription, beginning "Agrippina Prima," on richly ornamented cartouche at the top of the engraving, tells us that Agrippina, who was born here, was the foundress of the city, and the Empress is represented on the left with the symbols of architecture, while to the right are the three Magi, the patrons of Cologne. In the two upper corners are *porte-enseignes* bearing the city arms, and underneath the whole engraving, in a long line, come the coats of arms of all the various trades and guilds, ending with those of the reigning burgomaster, his shield standing somewhat apart from the rest, with an inscription underneath. At the bottom of all is given a short history of the town and its various industries, finishing with some verses in praise of "the good time that there was in Cölln in the year 1463." The

British Museum copy is a perfect impression of the first edition of this work, which is so rare that only two other examples are known to exist, one at Vienna and the other at Cologne. It is described by Parthey.

The British Museum has also obtained two very rare prints by Marcantonio Raimondi, which Mr. Reid has long been wishing to add to the already magnificent collection of that master's works in the Print Room. These are *Christ with the Banner*, standing in an almond-shaped glory, a nobly designed work of most delicate execution (Bartsch, 77); and *Angélique et Medor*, two figures seated toying together in a landscape, a conventional design only remarkable for its rarity (Bartsch, 484).

We were able to mention some time ago the project of establishing in Scotland an important Society of Painters in Water-Colour, and we ventured to urge upon its future members and their patrons the study of the earlier English masters of water-colour who have given dignity to this department of art. We are now delighted to hear that it is proposed to hold, before the end of spring, in Edinburgh, in the Museum of Science and Art—an institution in many respects analogous to the South Kensington Museum—an exhibition of water-colour drawings by the greater and accepted masters. Well-known connoisseurs, amateurs, critics, and collectors have already been applied to to lend such examples of the art of Girtin, Turner, David Cox, De Wint, and other like masters, as they may be disposed to deprive themselves of; and it is hoped that such a response will be made to the invitation as shall enable the director of the museum to throw open to the public of the North an exhibition of great interest and value.

No one who has any real interest in tracing the development of the art of Turner will neglect to see Mr. Ruskin's Turner drawings, on view at the rooms of the Fine Art Society. It would be difficult to overrate the importance of the exhibition, for Mr. Ruskin, notwithstanding the rare generosity with which during his lifetime he has given to Oxford and to Cambridge possessions that must have been an immense delight to him, is seen to be still the owner of a collection of Turners which, as a whole, is not to be surpassed in England, save by the monumental assemblage of our National Gallery. Two things ought promptly to occur to the mind of every visitor to the Bond Street rooms: the first, that Mr. Ruskin's collection is so formed as singularly to elucidate the artist's progress in his art; the second, that the collection, notwithstanding its variety, has also a harmony and unity which bespeak in its formation the action of one mind, guided by the very highest taste. In both respects the collection is widely different from the great chance gatherings due only to the lavish expenditure of money through the advice of the dealers. There is enough early work to show what were the processes through which Turner progressed to perfection in his art. Then, again, there are probably the most chosen examples existing in England of the first sketches made by Turner among the Alps at a time when even the most reserved employment of colour did not prevent him from conveying his impressions with magnificent and controlled strength. The *Bonneville* (No. 10) and the two drawings of the *Aiguillette* (Nos. 11 and 12) are among the very finest examples that we know of his earlier power. The *Bonneville*—probably the earliest sketch of all—has every quality that a sketch should have. In pure draughtsmanship it is scarcely less than majestic, and its broad faint tinting suggests with extraordinary delicacy the colours and tone of the scene. Following near upon this mountain series, done in Turner's early maturity, we have the series named by Mr. Ruskin in his invaluable little catalogue, "Dreamland—Italy," and then the series "Reality—England at Rest," and the

later series "England Disquieted." To the first belong several drawings which, whether or not they deserve all the praise Mr. Ruskin gives them, are at least exquisite examples of selected form, of the high elegance which was a joy to Turner at that time. Their scheme of colour—take No. 16 and No. 17 for example—is, however, without either the quiet harmony of the earlier sketches or the bolder harmonies and contrasts of some of the later. They are of the class that seem to us to lose little by translation into the delicate black and white of the line-engravers occupied in Turner's middle-life with the illustration of dainty books. The "England at Rest" set contain some among the Yorkshire drawings—notably a *Richmond, Yorkshire* (No. 27)—on which Mr. Ruskin justly sets great store, since "there is no more lovely rendering of old English life" than this, in which the unspoilt town of fifty years since is pleasantly surrounded by meadow and river. Some of the subjects properly belonging to the "England Disquieted" must have been conceived and treated earlier, we think, rather than later than some of the Yorkshire drawings. The drawing No. 32—*Dudley Castle*—is a splendid example of the more rapidly executed work of the later period of the "England Disquieted": a sketch slight and summary indeed in comparison with the *Richmond* or the *Farnley* of the "England at Rest"; and, when seen in contrast with these, it is strangely confirmatory of that theory with regard to Turner's change of sentiment which Mr. Ruskin now not for the first time seeks to establish. *Salisbury* (No. 38) is one of the most absolutely accomplished of all the works in the exhibition; every resource of invention, incident, line, colour, and passing effect, is brought to bear upon the beauty of Turner's treatment of this theme. Still later we reach examples in which it is clear that, while Turner had not ceased to gain, he had also lost very much. A vision of *Arona* suggests a kind of unearthly beauty which Art before Turner had hardly essayed to present, and the fairyland character of his later designs is shown by, among others, the *Bridge*—Nos. 60 and 61—lovely light things whereon the light brush has but just rested. Next week we shall take occasion to add a brief note on the engraved work likewise exhibited.

THE Louvre has recently obtained casts of all the principal sculptures discovered at Olympia. These casts will serve to complete the remains discovered by the Morea scientific expedition in 1829, and will be of the greatest service in helping to reconstruct the figures to which these valuable relics now in the Louvre belong.

Two fine pictures by Rubens, *A Holy Family* and the *Head of an Old Man*, in the possession of the Duke of Wellington, have lately been photographed by M. Lombardi. The excellent reproductions of the drawings by Rubens in the National Gallery taken for the Rubens Fête at Antwerp by this photographer may now be obtained. The most remarkable of these are the four sketches for his magnificent painting of *The Fall of the Damned* at Munich, two studies for Crucifixions, and a portrait of a young girl. These Rubens drawings are not exhibited at the National Gallery.

AN interesting study of Daubigny, as one of the *Paysagistes Contemporains*, was contributed by M. F. Henriet to the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts* in March and May 1874. Two beautiful etchings by him are also given in these numbers, as well as a number of woodcut illustrations, and a catalogue of his etched works, valuable to students of this delightful and much-to-be-lamented master.

THE Manchester Academy of Arts have this week opened their annual exhibition. It is intended to issue in connexion with it an "Art Annual," containing illustrations of the more notable pictures from sketches by the artists. This will be edited by Mr. Richard Smith, B.A.

A TELEGRAM in the *Times* from Rome announces the death of Mr. Lawrence Macdonald,

well known for his portraits and busts of English Peers of more than one generation; and the serious illness of Mr. Joseph Severn, the artist and friend of Keats.

THE genre-painter, Alexandre Jean Antigua, died in Paris on the 27th ult. He was born at Orleans in 1818, and received his artistic education in the studios of Norblin and Delaroche. He began with religious subjects, but in 1846 he took to genre-painting, and produced in succession *The Chimney-Corner*, *The First Plaything*, *The Storm*, and *Women Bathing*, which were all purchased by the Orleans Museum. His best-known work is *The Fire*, now in the Louvre.

M. EUGÈNE MÜNTZ has been appointed Librarian, and M. Etienne Arago Archivist, to the Ecole des Beaux-Arts.

THE STAGE.

THE first appearance of Herr Neville Moritz, the Hungarian actor, upon the English stage has resulted in considerable disappointment. His performance of Othello at the Queen's Theatre on Saturday afternoon revealed neither extraordinary natural gifts nor subtle insight into character, and on the whole did not rise far above that mediocrity of which we have already upon our stage an abundance of examples. Herr Moritz's Othello is habitually a rather rough and blustering hero, who threatens and stamps his foot a good deal, and has little majesty of presence or dignity of demeanour. So far, we observe, this impersonation has been defended by a friendly critic, who boldly asserts that German criticism upon Othello is agreed that there is nothing grand or stately about him; but it would be unjust to hold Herr Moritz responsible for an assertion so entirely unfounded and erroneous. In one respect the idea of Herr Moritz's impersonation was preferable to Salvini's. The actor has perceived that from the moment that the determination to kill Desdemona as an act of inflexible justice has taken possession of his soul his self-command becomes strongly marked, and is intensified by his stern resolve. Hence, instead of those violent struggles and wild-beast-like pacings to and fro which characterised Salvini's performance in the last act, we have striking self-possession and directness of purpose. The execution, however, fell short of the conception, partly from the actor's habitual lack of noble carriage, and partly from the absence of those rare qualities of voice which can alone give grandeur to an actor's utterances. For the same reason, after the discovery of the cruel deception of which he has been the victim, Herr Moritz's delivery of the lines failed to sound the great depths of pathos. The best-spoken passage was the last speech; and this deserves the more to be mentioned, because few actors here succeed in indicating the infinite calm which has descended upon the spirit of the Moor in the moment that precedes his self-inflicted punishment and welcome release from the burden of unavailing sorrow and remorse. His desire even then to stand well, or at least as well as "these unlucky deeds" will allow, in the eyes of the world, and, above all, his unwillingness to be regarded as a mere soldier of fortune, deserving only of the grudging confidence and harassing suspicions with which a Christian republic must have sometimes vexed the noble spirit of the Moorish commander, are touches of truly human inconsistency such as are rarely to be found in other writers. It is in this spirit that the long bygone incident of slaying the "malignant and turbaned Turk," who "smote a Venetian and traduced the State," occurs as an illustration more to the purpose than mere assurances of identification in feeling with his adopted country and genuine loyalty towards its government; and there seems to be a subtle truth even in the somewhat ornate and Oriental diction wherein his thoughts clothe themselves in this supreme moment. These are matters which demand subtler changes of tone than Herr Moritz has at command; but the

shades of thought and feeling were nevertheless indicated, and the ominous calm of his demeanour throughout this speech had a fine effect. Herr Moritz will repeat his performance at the Queen's Theatre this afternoon.

A RATHER absurd story, originally put forth by the paper entitled *Mayfair*, and copied into other journals, to the effect that the Baroness Burdett Coutts had taken a lease of Drury Lane Theatre, and intended to make Mr. Irving her acting manager, is contradicted on authority. The Baroness Burdett Coutts does not, it appears, intend to embark in theatrical enterprises, nor is Mr. Irving very likely to imperil his health and reputation by confining his appearances to the vast stage of Drury Lane. That enormous theatres compel actors to rant in order to be heard, and are otherwise destructive of the subtler graces of acting, is now generally acknowledged, in spite of the high authority of Edmund Kean to the contrary. Mr. Chatterton, who as a rule produced spectacular pieces and pantomimes, was well aware of this. Even managed in his common-sense and business-like if not very exalted spirit, it is known that Drury Lane has not been a very profitable venture; hence the complimentary benefit to Mr. Chatterton at Drury Lane, which has this week put him in possession of a handsome present and substantial token of the goodwill of friends. Any attempt to restore to Drury Lane the character of a home of the poetical drama, which it once enjoyed when protected by a rigid monopoly, would in these days of comparative freedom in dramatic matters inevitably result in disaster.

IN withdrawing *The Ne'er-do-well*, after a week's trial, Mr. Neville, who obviously speaks under the inspiration of Mr. Gilbert, confesses the justice of the condemnation both of the public and the critics with a frankness which is not the less commendable because it is rare. If this fashion should extend, a new dramatic-managers' vocabulary will be required, wherein the term "immense success" will no longer be deemed equivalent to disastrous failure. Mr. Gilbert promises to re-write his play, modifying even the first act and a half, although that portion, it appears, has (for what reasons we know not) afforded pleasure to some persons. The truth is that not only the superstructure but the very foundations of the piece must undergo considerable changes before the *Ne'er-do-well* can give entire satisfaction.

MISS NEILSON has appeared this week at the Haymarket in the character of Julia in Sheridan Knowles's play of *The Hunchback*, Miss Henrietta Hodson appearing in the same play in the part of Helen.

THIS evening Mr. Irving will appear at the Lyceum in the version of Casimir Delavigne's *Louis XI.* which was made by Mr. Boucicault for the late Mr. Charles Kean many years ago.

THE new romantic drama by Mr. Palgrave Simpson and Mr. Claude Templar, to be produced at the St. James's Theatre this evening, is called *The Scar on the Wrist*, instead of *Memories*, as originally.

MR. AND MRS. KENDAL will commence their tour with *Diplomacy* in August. Miss Kate Pattison will be entrusted with Mrs. Bancroft's part of the Comtesse Zicka.

MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN has, we understand, another play ready for rehearsal.

ON Monday afternoon there is to be a performance at St. James's Hall in aid of the Ladies' Work Society, of which Her Royal Highness Princess Louise is president. The programme includes the double attractions of music and recitation, Mr. Henry Leslie and his choir being responsible for the one, and Mr. Brandram for the other. The subject is the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, with Mendelssohn's music as an added attraction to Shakspere's words.

M. SARDOU'S new comedy, *Les Bourgeois de Pont-Arcy*, was produced last week at the Théâtre du Vaudeville with complete success. The leading characters were sustained by Berton, Blanche Pierson, Parade, Delannoy, Mdlle. Delaporte, Mdlle. Céline Montalard, and Mme. Alexis. M. Sardou in this comedy pursues his accustomed method of devoting the first act and great part of the second to comedy scenes depicting the kind of society in which his hero and heroine are destined to move. As in *Rabagou* political satire is his object, and the little meannesses of typical political intriguers in a typical small town are sketched with marvellous skill and fertility of invention. All this, however, has no very essential relation to the story on which the strong interest and dramatic incidents of the piece depend. This story, which turns upon the self-sacrifice of a son, who heroically takes upon himself the odium of a rather disgraceful amour, by way of shielding the memory of a dead father, is somewhat artificial in character, and will not bear the test of examination for probable and sufficient motives. Unquestionably the hero by this "pious fraud" inflicts a great deal more pain upon worthy people than they would have been likely to suffer by disclosure of the true state of the case. But on the French stage the protection of a parent's memory is regarded as an object sufficient to excuse almost any sort of falsehood and extravagance. Hence, perhaps, the fact that audiences of the Vaudeville appear not to have felt the force of the objections which have nevertheless been urged by the ablest and most impartial of French dramatic critics.

La Police Noire, a new play in five acts, by M. Alfred Delacour, produced at the Théâtre Cluny, is an elaborate melodrama of a rather old-fashioned kind, the scene of which shifts alternately from *Le Havre* to Wapping, and from Wapping to New South Wales. It seems to have given satisfaction.

MUSIC.

IGNAZ BRÜLL'S "GOLDEN CROSS."

By his production at the Adelphi last Saturday for the first time in England of Brüll's two-act opera *The Golden Cross*, Mr. Carl Rosa has fulfilled one of the most important promises of his prospectus. The first performance of the work on any stage took place at the Berlin Opera on December 22, 1875, and within the little more than two years that have since elapsed the music has made its way to many of the principal opera-houses in Germany, it having been specially successful at Vienna.

The libretto, written by Herr Mosenthal, is simple and pleasing. A young miller and innkeeper, Nicolas Pariset, residing in the year 1812 in the little village of Melun, not far from Paris, is on the point of being married to his cousin Theresa. On his wedding-day, a recruiting serjeant, Bombardon, makes his appearance in the village, and among other conscripts Nicolas is enlisted. His betrothed and his sister, Christina, are in despair, and the more so as Bombardon tells them that the only possible chance of escape for Nicolas is the finding a substitute—no easy matter. Christina appeals to the young men of the village, her suitors. She takes from her neck a golden cross, and says that whoever will take her brother's place shall receive from her the cross, and on his return after the war shall, on presenting the cross, have the right to claim her hand. But the danger is too great, and none of the villagers will volunteer. The drum sounds the signal for the departure of the recruits; and just as Nicolas is bidding farewell to his betrothed and his sister, Sergeant Bombardon enters, and says that the substitute is found. Christina asks his name, but he is told that it is to be a secret; that she shall know it when he returns to claim her hand. The

audience is aware that he who has generously taken Nicolas' place is Gontran, a young French nobleman, who has accompanied Bombardon, and has watched Christina's devotion to her brother with deep interest. Evening comes on; the soldiers march away, and the act ends with the resumption of the wedding festivities.

Between the first and second acts three years elapse. The scene is the same as before—the little inn and mill at Melun. Nicolas and his wife, Theresa, appear, the former in military uniform and with his arm in a sling. On the invasion of France by the Allies in 1814, Nicolas, in common with everyone else, enlisted to defend his home; he has been wounded in action, and returned to the inn bringing with him the captain under whom he had served, and who had also been wounded. The Captain and Christina have fallen in love with one another, though neither is aware of the other's feelings; and Christina resists the growing sentiment, because she has promised herself to the bearer of the golden cross, who has not yet returned to claim her hand. The villagers, such at least as have survived, are all home again; but not one of them can give her any news. At length "the Captain" announces himself to her as Gontran, who went in her brother's place. Overjoyed, she asks him for the golden cross; but he has not got it. He tells her that when lying, as he believed, mortally wounded on the field of battle, he gave the cross to a comrade, telling him to deliver it to her, and to tell her that she was free from her vow. She, however, disbelieves the statement, as she knows that her brother and Theresa are most anxious that she should marry the Captain, and thinks that they have concocted this little plot to accomplish their end. Gontran, much pained at her mistrust, determines to leave the place; and Christina, though grieved at having offended him, determines to remain faithful to her promise. At this juncture Sergeant Bombardon arrives in a most dilapidated condition—with a wooden leg, and a face covered with scars. He brings back the golden cross, and after teasing Christina by pretending that he is the rightful owner, tells her that it is no other than Gontran; and of course all ends happily.

Such is an outline of Herr Mosenthal's libretto, which, it will at once be perceived, offers good scope to a composer. Before proceeding to speak of Herr Brüll's music, it ought to be said that the English version, by Mr. John P. Jackson, is most excellent, the lines being not only graceful and flowing, but well adapted to the music.

There is probably no form of composition in which a musician's originality, if he have any, or his lack of it, if he have it not, will be more perceptible than in the opera. After hearing Herr Brüll's concert at the Crystal Palace a week ago, I remarked in these columns that individuality of style was hardly the composer's strong point; and the judgment expressed on his music then was confirmed in every point in listening to the *Golden Cross*. The music is throughout most artistic and pleasing; it is excellently written, thoroughly appropriate to the dramatic situation, often of real beauty, and occasionally (as in the finale to the first act) powerful; but it contains little that is absolutely new. Of positive reminiscences there are very few, and these, by the way, are chiefly from Auber; but throughout the work one has the impression of having heard something similar before. This is not said in disparagement of the music—because if Herr Brüll is not a great inventive genius, the same may be said of nine out of ten modern composers, whether German, French, or English—but simply to give, as far as may be, a correct idea of the work. The overture is extremely pretty, though not very original; the best number in the opera is unquestionably the finale to the first act, in which the composer is heard to great advantage. The mingled strains of the wedding music and the march of the departing soldiers, with the song of Gontran heard in the distance, are treated with great skill, and produce the

happiest effect. Among other pieces deserving of mention are Christina's Romance, "Still young, our parents dying," in the first scene; Gontran's air in the first act, "What is life, if love's devotion;" the duet between Theresa and Colas, which opens the second act; the drinking quartett, and the duet between Christina and Gontran in the same act. The music allotted to Bombardon (who is a kind of double of Sergeant Sulpice in *La Fille du Régiment*) is very pretty, but more commonplace in its themes than that of the other characters. The total impression produced by the opera is that, though not a very great, it is an extremely enjoyable work, and one which from its artistic workmanship will find favour with the musician, while its flowing and melodious grace will command it to the general public.

For the performance, as usual, we have nothing but praise; it is "the old, old story." Everything that Mr. Rosa brings forward is presented with a completeness that leaves nothing to desire: and if the composer of *The Golden Cross* were not satisfied with the rendering of his work on Saturday, he must indeed be hard to please. By her impersonation of the devoted sister, Christina, Miss Julia Gaylord made a distinct advance in her position as an artist: she has hitherto been heard chiefly in light parts; but her acting, especially in the second act, showed a power over the pathetic, and a capacity for undertaking more serious characters for which few of her audience could have been prepared. I do not think I am guilty of any impropriety in repeating a remark which I casually overheard in the theatre on Saturday. One of the most eminent German musicians at present visiting this country said that he had seen the opera on nearly all the chief German stages, but that he had never seen so good a Christina; and this may well be believed. Miss Yorke, as Theresa, was also most excellent, though the music lies rather high for her voice. Mr. Joseph Maas, a tenor singer who was heard some time since in London, but who has of late years been connected with the Kellogg Opera Company in America, made his first appearance with Mr. Rosa as Gontran. In the first act Mr. Maas, probably from the anxiety attendant on a first appearance, seemed hardly master of his resources; but as he warmed to his work he was heard to much greater advantage. His voice is a pure and a high tenor of excellent quality; he sings like an artist, has a good stage-presence, and his acting, if not remarkable, is graceful and unaffected. That he is a decided acquisition to Mr. Rosa's company there can be no doubt. As the young miller, Colas, Mr. Snazelle was thoroughly satisfactory; while Mr. Aynsley Cook, in the part of the bluff and kind-hearted Sergeant Bombardon, gave one of those highly-finished character-pictures in which this talented artist excels. Chorus, orchestra, and *mise-en-scène* were as irreproachable as usual, while numerous encores, supplemented by calls after each act for the composer, Mr. Rosa, and the whole of the principals, testified unmistakeably to the entire satisfaction of the audience which crowded the theatre, and to the genuine success of the opera.

The *Golden Cross* and the *Merry Wives of Windsor* have been repeated during the week; and for this evening the *Bohemian Girl* is announced.

EBENEZER PROUT.

At the Crystal Palace Concert of Saturday last the name of another composer was added to the lengthy catalogue of those whose works have been first introduced to the English public through the medium of Mr. Manns's orchestra. Herr Carl Goldmark is scarcely known here even by name, though in South Germany he has a high reputation. He was born in 1832 at Keszhely, in Hungary, and received his musical education at the Vienna Conservatorium. Among his numerous works in many departments of musical art the *Ländliche Hochzeit, Symphonie in fünf Sätzen*, has gained, perhaps,

the most attention. The title of this work is, to say the least, unfortunate in its latter portion, as there is nothing symphonic in the form of the movements, and but little in the character of the music. The first section, *Hochzeitsmarsch mit Variationen*, at least shows the composer's mastery over the resources of modern orchestration. The air itself is neither remarkable nor original, but some of the variations are very clever, the scoring of each containing many novel and piquant effects. There is a delicate prettiness in the second movement, *Brautlied*, and in the third, *Serenade*; but the fourth, *Im Garten*, is rather cloying, with its frequent repetition of one long-drawn melody. The last movement, *Tanz*, is a presto in common time, animated, noisily scored, and bordering on vulgarity. The work, as a whole, can scarcely be subjected to serious criticism. It is a *jeu d'esprit*, and considered in its true light deserves some praise. But it bears no nearer relation to a symphony than does an extravaganza to a tragic opera. The performance was remarkably good in all respects save one, where the direction in the score relative to the method of playing the cymbals was disregarded. The remainder of the concert may be briefly dismissed. Herr Joachim played Spohr's *Concerto Drammatico* and two movements from Bach's G minor sonata, while the orchestra was heard in the overtures *Coriolan* and *Fingal's Cave*, and in the air from Handel's opera *Serse*, so curiously arranged for solo violin, harp, organ, and tutti by Herr Hellmesberger, of Vienna.

CROTCH's oratorio *Palestine* was fully discussed in the ACADEMY on the occasion of its first revival by the Sacred Harmonic Society in January, 1874. It is therefore unnecessary to refer to it at length at the present juncture. But mention may be made that Messrs. Novello, Ewer and Co. have recently added the work to their cheap octavo edition of oratorios, and it thus possesses a chance of renewed vitality. The performance on the 1st inst. at Exeter Hall was fairly commendable, allowing for the facts that Mr. Maybrick failed to render justice to the bass solos in the first part, and that the choruses were marred by the very feeble singing of the sopranos. It cannot be denied that this department of the Sacred Harmonic Society's forces needs careful revision. Miss Anna Williams sustained the whole of the soprano airs, and materially strengthened her position as an oratorio singer. She was assisted in the concerted music by Miss Julia Wigan, while Miss Julia Elton, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Santley completed the list of principals.

The second of Madame Viard-Louis' five grand orchestral concerts was given at St. James's Hall on Tuesday under the direction of Mr. Weist Hill. The programme was one of great excellence, including Bennett's charming overture to the *Naïades*, the "Jupiter" symphony, Bizet's orchestral Suite *L'Arlesienne*, a new minuet and trio (MS.) by Mr. Ebenezer Prout, and the march from Costa's *Eli*, as the orchestral numbers. In all these pieces the magnificent band, most ably conducted by Mr. Hill, was heard to great advantage; a finer rendering of the overture and the symphony has seldom been listened to. Bizet's Suite, announced as for the first time in London, has, we believe, been given at the Alexandra Palace; it is a work full of originality and of real beauty. Madame Viard-Louis was heard in Beethoven's E flat concerto and Mendelssohn's "Variations Sérieuses" to much greater advantage than at the previous concert; it may be fairly said that she played extremely well. Mr. Edward Lloyd sang "O 'tis a glorious sight" from *Oberon*, and Mendelssohn's "Garland," in his invariably finished and artistic manner.

THE Borough of Hackney Choral Association gave their third subscription concert of the season at Shoreditch Town Hall on Monday evening. The first part of the programme consisted of Beethoven's Mass in C, the solo parts being sung

by Mrs. Osgood, Mlle. Hélène Arnim, Mr. Harper Kearton, and Mr. C. E. Tinney; to this succeeded Haydn's Military Symphony; and the concert concluded with Mendelssohn's music to *Loveley*, the solo part being magnificently rendered by Mrs. Osgood. Mr. Ebenezer Prout conducted.

On the 22nd ult. François Hünter, well known as a composer and arranger for the piano, especially of easy teaching-pieces, died at Coblenz, his native town, at the age of eighty-five years. During the greater part of his life Hünter resided at Paris; but he retired from the active practice of his profession some twenty years since, and returned to Coblenz, where he passed the remainder of his life.

THE Rev. D. Blaikley writes:—"Permit me to notice one inaccuracy of some importance in the otherwise excellent *résumé* of a paper read by me before the Musical Association on February 4, published in the ACADEMY of February 16. The passage to which I desire to draw attention stands thus:—It was stated that a cone cannot produce the harmonics of its fundamental in tune; and consequently the shape of a bugle," &c., &c. This should stand: 'It was stated that a cone can only produce the harmonics of its fundamental in tune when it is complete to its apex; a complete cone cannot be used by the lips as a wind instrument, and consequently the shape of a bugle,' &c., &c."

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